

'Purge' Hits The Charlie Spivak Band

New York—It's another house-cleaning at the house of Spivak—the Glen Island Casino—but Charlie believes the changes he made last week will put his band "up there where I want it."



Spivak

Most important move Spivak made was to hire Cy Manes as manager of the band. Manes, once a booker with the old Rockwell-O'Keefe combine, for the last year had been working as a contact man for Harms here. Also serving as a stimulant to the band, said Spivak, is the drumming of young Bunny Shawker, Baltimore percussionist. Shawker replaced Andy Picard, who left the band of his own accord. Shawker left Alvino Rey to take the Spivak job. Roy Hammerlag is back in the band on tenor after a short spell with Al Donahue. Nelson Riddle has been added on trombone, making it three slip-horns, and there are two new vocalists, Gary Stevens, formerly a trumpet player with Don Bestor, and Kitty McLane.

Stevens replaces Frank Howard. Kitty, overlooked by Bobby Byrne in a recent audition at Meadowbrook, will be the "hottest girl singer in the business in a year," Spivak thinks. She's a discovery of "Bullets," Glenn Miller's ace handy-man, who was at the audition.

Earle Penney Joins Ray Noble

Houston, Texas—Earle Penney, second trumpet with Eddie Fitzpatrick's band, left the band to join Ray Noble in Chicago. The Fitzpatrick band plays the Plantation in Dallas for two weeks, with Ross Majestic coming in in Penney's place.

Faz Is King



New Orleans—When they heard that Irv Fazola had been chosen for the honor of lone clarinetist on the *Down Beat* 1940 All-American, the boys on radio station WWL there decided to honor Faz in their own way. He is shown (left) being presented with a loving cup in recognition of the *Down Beat* honor by Bill Fuchs of WWL. Faz is now on the staff of the station. Others in the shot are Pinky Vidacovich, WWL musical director; Joe Valenti, and Marion Suter, staff musicians.

Frank Dailey Reorganizing

New York—Frank Dailey, who with Vince Dailey owns and operates the Meadowbrook Country Club in Cedar Grove, N. J., where the nation's topflight bands play regularly, is organizing a new band.

Details are being kept secret, but Joe Mooney, arranger whose work was a feature of Paul Whiteman's 1940 band, is busy making new scores and rounding out a library. Also figuring in the picture is the Tom Rockwell agency, General Amusement Corp., which is slated to handle the Dailey booking. Dailey, who has had other bands, has not been active as a leader for over a year.

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15 CENTS

No Payoff; Ben Bernie Yanked Off the Job

BY CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—Ben Bernie and "all the lads" were jerked off the Victor Hugo date by union action after one \$3,000 payday had slipped by without signs of appropriate attention and while the following week gave every indication of following suit.



Bernie

When he was pulled off the job, an action taken with his complete approval, the hitherto "swank" niter was "in" Bernie for \$5,400, according to reliable sources. Although a spokesman for the V.H. tossed off the situation with "Just a bit of union trouble;

we'll have it straightened out in no time," the Hugo next day filed a petition of bankruptcy, listed assets of \$103,374 and liabilities of \$93,913.

The Local, meanwhile, nixed the Hugo plans to bring in a local band on week-ends, until settlement was made with Bernie's boys.

Nat Lebovsky Goes With Woody Herman

New York—Nat Lebovsky, whose brilliant lead trombone work was a feature of the Paul Whiteman and Jimmy Dorsey orchestras last year, joined Woody Herman's band last week. Lebovsky took Bud Smith's chair. Nat quit Dorsey last fall to work in radio studios but jumped when he was offered a chance to return to dance band work.

Gives Birth



Ft. Worth, Texas—A baby girl was born here last month to the former Durelle Alexander, vocalist formerly with Paul Whiteman and Eddy Duchin. About two years ago she left Duchin to marry Fort Worth business man E. P. Van Zandt Jr. and since then has confined her vocalizing to occasional programs on local radio stations.

Ace Men form Co-op Band; To Play 'Gut,' Schmalz

New York—A cooperative band which soon will make its debut here and which includes, among others, four fiddles, two guitars and an accordion, is going through the woodshed stage at the Piccadilly Hotel. Fronted by Al Duffy, the violinist, the group includes such prominent musicians as George Van Epps, Joe Tarto, Milt Shaw and Godfrey Hirsch, who recently quit Richard Himber as drummer.

The complete lineup of the unit comprises Marty Dale, piano; Hirsch, drums; Jimmy Lewis and Van Epps, guitars; Tarto, bass; Vincent Pirro, accordion, and Duffy, Herman Kaplan, Shaw and Frank Braccianci, violins.

New York musicians are wondering what the group "is cooking" as it goes through its paces. The band, according to Lewis, who once played with Russ Morgan, will "play any kind of music the customers ask for—rumbas, gut jazz, schmalz, corn, waltzes and what have you."

No booking office is set yet. Van

Epps, for years one of America's greatest orchestral guitarists, recently quit Ray Noble's ork in Chicago. Not until the band is "ready" will the boys attempt an engagement, Lewis said. Combo is rehearsing every day at the Piccadilly.

Johnny Austin Joins Clinton

Chicago—Johnny Austin, hot trumpeter whose "Harry James style" featured many a record made by Jan Savitt, now is with Larry Clinton. He took Walter Smith's chair. Austin joined Clinton in Pittsburgh last week.

Carl Hoff in Coast Guard

Los Angeles—With his induction into the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, maestro Carl Hoff attached his fast cabin cruiser, "Caprice," to Coast Guard Flotilla No. 5 of Southern California recently. The flotilla comprises 35 craft in the Los Angeles area, each of which contributes two days patrolling each month. In the event of war the craft would be taken over by the government for active patrol service. Hoff's band is featured on the CBS Al Pearce show.

Launching Miller's Streamlined Bandstand



New York—Here's the new streamlined bandstand from which Glenn Miller's sax section is now using. Joining in the recent christening ceremonies at the Cafe Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania are, left to right, Miller, Bob Burns, who is Tommy Dorsey's manager, Charlie Spivak, Les Brown, Larry Clinton, Woody Herman, and Sammy Kaye. Dig the miniature

streamlined train running along the top of the stand. The designer was Col. E. J. W. Ragsdale, chief engineer of the Budd company, who make most of the streamlined trains today. Ragsdale's invention of the "shotweld" process of fabricating stainless steel, made possible the streamlining effect applied on trains.

Fazola May Join the New Muggsy Band

New York—Muggsy Spanier will arrive here about March 5 after splitting with the Bob Crosby band on the west coast. Irving (Fazola) Prestopnik, clarinetist now with the Tony Almerico band and on the staff of WWL in New Orleans, may play a big role in Muggsy's new "big band," which is slated to start rehearsals about March 15 here.

Beside Fazola, Nick Caiazza, tenor man now with Bobby Hackett, and Bob Casey, bassist now with Gus Arnheim, are virtual certainties for spots in the new Muggs band. Joe Bushkin and Mel Powell are possibilities for the piano spot. Bushkin, Caiazza and Casey were all former members of Muggsy's last combo.

Spanier leaves the Crosby band late this month after finishing a picture the band is now making. Muggsy has a featured spot when the band plays *Dippermouth Blues* in the pic. A group of Chicago businessmen headed by his brother, Bill Spanier, are backing Muggsy's venture. Art Eisendrath will be road manager.

Stravinsky Gets Papers; Says 'I Love Swings'

New York—With his first United States citizenship papers in his pockets, smiling Igor Stravinsky, noted Russian composer and a leader in the "modern" school of music, last week declared that he "loved" swing music.

"I love swings. It is to the Harlem I go. It is so sympathetic to watch the Negro boys and girls dancing and to watch them eat the long, what is it you call them, frankfurters, no? It is so sympathetic. I love all kinds of swings."

Time magazine reported that Stravinsky was "delighted" with the prospects of becoming an American citizen.

Five Artie Shaw Men Join Himber

Los Angeles—Several men in the Artie Shaw band who left him when Artie headed east have joined Richard Himber, who opened at the St. Francis in Frisco two weeks ago. The ex-Shaw men with Dick are fiddles Ted Klages, Gene Lamas and Al Beller, viola Allan Harshman, and trumpet George "Fats" Wendt. Many of Himbers had gone back to New York when Himber left the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago to come west for the St. Francis date.

Musicians Clean Up in Explosives

Davenport, Ia.—Between 50 and 100 musicians from this tri-city area and surrounding territory are now employed at the Rock Island Arsenal, serving in various capacities, from clerical workers to machinists. Very few local musicians depend entirely on music for their livelihood any more. Other fields are greener. And for the first time in years, there isn't a single traveling band headquartering here.

Miami Bands Having Tough Go; They Outnumber 'Game'

BY RAY SNYDER

Miami—Only a few issues back, some cat said in a very smart article in this *Beat*, "Stay away from Miami." The advice was levelled at all those far-seeing (?) musicians who were giving this town

the figurative ogle, figuring it was prospective Boom Town for the winter season. But boy, how right that *Beat* reporter was! There are too many hotels here, too many night clubs, too many bars, too many musicians, too many bands, too many promoters, everybody trying to make a killing. But when somebody figures to make a killing he also has to figure on who is to be killed. And there just ain't been enough game to go around. That's one thing they didn't figure on—the law of supply and demand, the law of if there ain't enough game to go around, some prospective killer gets stuck without no blood . . . in this case without no blood money.

So what's been happening here,

and what's going to continue happening all the rest of the season? Well, the Spotlight Club started off full blast, using three bands, Pappy Trester, Cec Hurst and Harry Collins. Red ink blotted out Hurst and Collins. Babe Russin's job at Slapsie Maxie's has given him plenty of headaches. The law raided the joint, walked off with thousands of bucks worth of equipment and slapped a hell of a fine on the management. Bud Freeman of that great tenor has been sorry ever since he left New York. He had to change three men, and in this land of sunshine and healthy-looking skins he got sick, in more ways than one. Leon Prima followed Bud into the Pad-dock Club. I understand Freeman got the hell out of here and back to New York as fast as he could.

Hotel Situation Foul

Freddie Owens didn't last long at Rainbow Grill. Fred's band split up and left town. Hod Williams replaced them. Lolita Cor-

(Jumped to Page 23)

'Old Gold' Goodman on Fitch Show Tomorrow

Down Beat Cups To be Presented

Chicago—Benny Goodman, who began his Old Gold commercial on WJZ, N. Y., last Monday night, gets the Fitch Bandwagon call on the NBC net tomorrow night (Feb. 16), at 6:30, CST. The program, originating in Chicago, will feature the presentation of *Down Beat* awards to Benny and three of his men, Charlie Christian, Fletcher

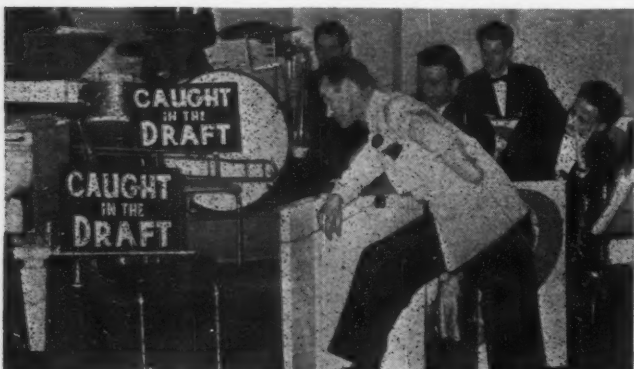


Benny

Henderson and Cootie Williams. Benny accepts two cups, one as leader of the favorite swing band of the nation's musicians, the other as their favorite soloist. Christian, Henderson and Williams will be

Bob Alexy Back With Larry Clinton

New York—Changes in Larry Clinton's personnel find Henry Cowan and Bob Alexy on trumpets, Dominick Siniscalchi on trombone, and Charlie Carroll at the drums. It's a return to the fold for Alexy, who once played for Paul White-



Gone With the Fishbowl are two boys who used to occupy the vacant chairs in this band, Roger Bruce's. "The fishbowl business really caught up with us," says Bruce, appearing at the Club Gloria in Columbus, O. "the signs on these chairs are in memoriam to trombonist George Tracht and fiddle man Frank Garrin, who had to 'clear up' their business in five days." The last two nights the boys worked before going off to camp were "turned over" to the two for what might be called musical debauchery. They jammed their heads off. The Gloria Club management gave the boys a "last supper."

Kemp Ork Is No More

San Francisco—With disbanding of the Hal Kemp band after the Mark Hopkins date, and with most of the boys heading east to look up other connections individually, the band of Kemp, very much in the picture so few weeks ago, is now a thing of the past.

It is still possible, however, that fellows in the east with ideas may get some of the boys together to perpetuate the style under another leader, using the Kemp library.

Complications attending settlement of the Kemp estate, which involved his widow, Alex Holden, and Kemp's first wife, Bessie Slaughter, attributed to the bustup of the unit. Ironing out the legal kinks in a situation of this kind are bound to take time.

Anson Weeks, Badly Hurt, Recovering

Marengo, Ia.—Anson Weeks was recovering satisfactorily in Watts Hospital here last week from injuries sustained when the bus in which the band was returning to Chicago from a date in Des Moines two weeks ago crashed into a truck which had previously col-



Weeks

lided with another on a curve a half mile south of here.

Weeks, who was in the front seat asleep, was thrown through the door of the bus and suffered a compound fracture of the left arm and a severely lacerated right hand as well as cuts about the head.

Pianist Harry Hynda suffered glass cuts, and several of the band members were bruised, but none other seriously injured.

HammondWrites Goodman Scripts

New York—Benny Goodman's new radio commercial, which started this week over WJZ, New York, is being written by John Hammond. Hammond, young jazz enthusiast and official of the Columbia Record Corp., is doing all scripts and assisting with the actual production of the show which stars Goodman's music.

The sponsor, Old Gold cigarettes, will try the single station 13 weeks. If the show clicks it will go on a national (NBC) network in September, according to plans. Goodman's last commercial was for Camel snokes. J. Walter Thompson agency is handling the account.

Petrillo Scores One More Against Tibbett's Union

New York—The scrap between Jimmy Petrillo's AFM and Lawrence Tibbett's AGMA was brought a little closer to termination a fortnight ago when a restraining order was denied the Tibbett group by the appellate division of the State Supreme Court.

A restraining order would have prevented the AFM from "interfering with" Tibbett's AGMA members. The unanimous opinion of the court pointed out that Petrillo and the AFM were "well within their rights in protecting

A Nelson-Stevens 'Backstage' Candid



New York—She's not yet 20, and she's fresh from the campus of the University of Indiana, but Rose Anne Stevens should have known better than to peep about her birthday anniversary last month. Her boss, Ozzie Nelson, took the hint and acted in the traditional way. Rose Anne now is headed for California with Ozzie, his band and Harriet Hilliard to do a movie pic. But she's not sittin' down.

Hampton Opening at Grand Terrace Great

BY ONAH L. SPENCER

Chicago—Coming on like a regiment of gangbusters, Lionel Hampton and his new band packed the Grand Terrace to the rafters on opening night. They turned away several thousand customers.

Hamp Determined

Gangs of Hampton fans, visiting celebs including Arline Judge, Lou Holtz and members of practically



Hampton

every band playing in town piled in to witness the jumping-jack vibing king who pulls as much rhythm out of one set of hides as is usually expected from Berlioz's army of batterymen. Hampton, who was brought in to try to take the financial slack out of the britches of this spot, is not only determined to start the till clinking again, but also to prove that a colored aggregation can still be a Grade A attraction. The band is in for at least a month (two weeks more) with an option and a night ly WBBM wire.

Lee Young Out

Lionel has a bright new theme, *The Vibe King*, and a galaxy of other originals that are terrific. The blending of Hamp's fiddles, guitar and vibes is marvelous.

Lee Young is no longer on drums with the band. He has been replaced by Rossiere (Shadow) Wilson, ex-Lucky Millinder drummer. Chirper Evelyn Meyers is a Seattle girl. Dexter Gordon on tenor is only 16 years old. He looks like Joe Louis. Bassist Vernon Alley was one of the greatest fullbacks in the game when he played with San Jose State College, in California. Alto sax and violinist Ray Perry has made several guest appearances with the Boston Symphony.

Ex-Boston Maestro Runs For Mayor

BY BILL INGALLS

Boston—Eddie Ferry, former band leader here, has thrown his hat into the mayoralty ring in his home town of Lewiston, Me. His Georgians used to be one of Maine's best bands.

Al Dietrick's trombone has been added to the Vaughn Monroe brass section, now seven strong. Other changes are in the offing. Marilyn Duke has been taken on to share vocal chores. She was formerly with Stuart Frazier's group at the Copley Plaza and well known on local radio stations. The band has been breaking all records at the Statler.

Local enthusiasts are looking forward eagerly to all the new Lionel Hampton records. Reason? Fine guitarist Irving Ashby and hot fiddle Ray Perry, both localites. Predictions are in order for next year's *Down Beat* poll, and ours is that Ashby is well up in the running in the guitar spot.

Hin And

New York scooted—scooted everyone who his two vo Broadway w

'Powerful, Earl's four Danceteria reve big, powerful brass had a b shiny chromi sides of the da —a 5-man from



Hines

The Earl is fe with a new William Morris "Three month cago I might y band," the fath offered me a jo anted salary a proving and com my decision."

'Best Hin Those "pros a right choice, Ea band he has to he's ever had, Hammond, Mil Oakley, Leonar the others who opening seemed

The lineup: George (Senops) also; Albert (Bud) dall, Franz Jackson Tom Esch, Pee-N trumpet; Edward George Hunt, trom Folsom, bass; Al drums; Harley Rat at the piano.

The Earl is tour which will one-nighters, m In charge of th and Hines' pe Charlie Carpen when he was a cago, was hire valet. Carpenter of his boss' cl side he compose On Me, You T

Martha Budd For Ju

Los Angeles—Martha Tilton, Buddy Rogers, Cantor show m wood all have b Coslow's new C Productions, to short "soundies" the Roosevelt-mill.

Coslow, now the juke-box field, is the song directs the pix. Rogers is in \$150,000 breach filed against hir agers Arthur James V. Pep walking out on management co more than nine to run. His wif is being sued b amount, purpor urged him to b

Tony Pas New Girl

New York—L songstress forme vo and Jack Tea Tony Pastor's o here. Linda left ing with Red's six months. She spot with Pas Bobby Byrne.

Hines Hits Broadway And Tears it Apart!

BY DAVE DEXTER, JR.

New York—The "father" came and conquered. Then he scooted—scooted from Broadway to take to the road. But everyone who heard Earl Hines' 18-piece band (that includes his two vocalists) agreed that the father's return to Broadway was sensationally successful.

'Powerful, Rugged Band'

Earl's four days at the Fiesta Danceteria revealed his band to be big, powerful and rugged. The brass had a bite that rocked the shiny chromium tables on three sides of the dance floor. The saxes—a 5-man front line which spread 12 feet across the bandstand—sporting three better than average soloists in George (Scoops) Carey on alto and Franz Jackson and Bud Johnson on tenors. Over at the right as you enter the room sat the Earl at the keyboard.



Hines

The Earl is feeling fit these days with a new booking agency—William Morris—guiding his dates. "Three months ago out in Chicago I might near threw over my band," the father says. "Goodman offered me a job with a nice guaranteed salary and it took a lot of pro'ing and com'ing before I made my decision."

'Best Hines Band Yet'

Those "pros and cons" led to the right choice, Earl believes. For the band he has today is the greatest he's ever had, he says, and John Hammond, Mildred Bailey, Helen Oakley, Leonard Feather and all the others who were at the Fiesta opening seemed to agree.

The lineup:

George (Scoops) Carey, Leroy Harris, Alvin Karpis (Bud) Johnson, William Randall, Franz Jackson, tenors; George Dixon, Ted Enosh, Pee-Wee Jackson, Ed Sims, trumpets; Edward Felt, Joe McLevin, George Hunt, trombones; Charles (Truck) Ficken, bass; Alvin (Mouse) Burroughs, drums; Harley Ramsey, guitar, and Hines at the piano.

The Earl is set for a theater tour which will be split up with one-nighters, mostly in the East. In charge of the band's routings, and Hines' personal affairs, is Charlie Carpenter, who in 1931, when he was a youngster in Chicago, was hired by Hines as a valet. Carpenter not only took care of his boss' clothing, but on the side he composed *You Can Depend On Me*, *You Taught Me To Love*

Martha Tilton, Buddy Rogers For Juke Pix

Los Angeles—Ex-Goodman thrush Martha Tilton, ex-band leader Buddy Rogers, and current Eddie Cantor show maestro Bobby Sherwood all have been signed by Sam Coslow's new corporation, Cameo Productions, to make a series of short "soundies" to be released by the Roosevelt-Mills nickel-movie mill.

Coslow, now taking a fling at the juke-box movie production field, is the songwriter. Roy Mack directs the pix.

Rogers is in the middle of a \$150,000 breach of contract suit, filed against him by former managers Arthur T. Michaud and James V. Peppe for allegedly walking out on a ten-year band management contract that had more than nine and a half years to run. His wife, Mary Pickford, is being sued by Rogers for a like amount, purportedly for having urged him to break the contract.

Tony Pastor Gets New Girl Singer

New York—Linda Keene, brunet songstress formerly with Red Norvo and Jack Teagarden, has joined Tony Pastor's ork at Hotel Lincoln here. Linda left Norvo after working with Red's small combo about six months. She takes Kay Little's spot with Pastor. Kay joined Bobby Byrne.

Again and *A Lover is Blue*. Now Carpenter is a member in good standing with ASCAP, and Hines has a new valet.

Reminds of the 'Old Days'

With the band as vocalists are Madeline Green, who'll probably never live down the tag that "she's the girl Benny Goodman signed to a contract," and Billy Eckstein, whose Pha Terrellish style is often dropped for a session at the mike when he shouts the blues a la Joe Turner. Both were clicks at the Fiesta.

The band doesn't worry too much about intonation. The men prefer to beat off a good stomp and let go with a raft of hot solos. Jackson's tenor overshadows Bud

Johnson's, which will surprise many Chicagoans who followed Hines' music over a period of years in his Grand Terrace days. The kids and sailors who hang out at the Danceteria stopped shagging to watch the band give with the jazz—the rough, rhythmic jump jazz which is so reminiscent of earlier Hines groups and all those led in other days by Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman, Bennie Moten and the like.

The Earl hit Broadway. He tore it apart, even if his stay was short. Like Hawkins and Carter, the leader's solos are every bit as good now as they were, in person or on wax, a decade ago. But that band sizzled. The Morris office will have no excuses in selling it; Hines has what he wants and more important, the box-office payees want it, too. The year should be Earl's best since his Hot Five days as long as Morris execs do their best in the selling department.



Stan Patchett, British Jazz Critic, Dead

Hamilton, Bermuda—Stan Patchett, one of the most prominent and well liked of British jazz critics, died Christmas eve here of peritonitis after four days' illness. He had been an officer in the Imperial Censorship, stationed here. An Australian by birth, most of Patchett's jazz writing appeared in the London



Patchett

Melody Maker, and his recorded jazz programs over the BBC were among the first. Patchett supervised many notable jazz recording sessions for British labels, among which were five sides made for British Parlophone in London by Ted Toll's five piece jam band a few years ago. Toll is Chicago Editor of *Down Beat*. Patchett is survived by his wife, Nancy.

What Gypsy Rose Lee Thinks of Musicians

A strip-tease artist with an intellectual twist, Gypsy has definite ideas on all music from Armstrong's Hot Five to Debussy. Collectors bore her, too much hot jazz tires her, and Brahms makes her nervous! She speaks her mind in the February MUSIC and RHYTHM.

Brahms Makes Her Nervous

Hitler Jailed Me!

How does it feel to have the German Gestapo throw you in prison, merely because you refused to say, "Heil Hitler?" Dick Rogers, youthful guitarist and vocalist who has just taken the leadership of the former Will Osborne band, tells of his experiences in the Reich.

"Why I Junked My Swing Band"—Sammy Kaye—

America's foremost exponent of Swinging and Swaying used to have a "hot" band but he threw it over to make a commercial success as a sweet band maestro! Read Sammy's own reasons why, in the February MUSIC and RHYTHM.

Are Big Bands Doomed?

Is jazz still possible within a 14-piece ensemble? Does the move by sidemen away from the big band indicate its ultimate downfall? Why is it that Red Allen, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Roy Eldridge and countless others seek the little band field from choice?

Ray Noble Son of a Surgeon

Was born into wealth and position. He forsook them for fame as a songwriter, arranger, and band leader. Did you know that his first American band included 5 present-day band leaders including Glenn Miller and Will Bradley? Here's the story of success won the hard way!

Andy Kirk Is no Fool!

He likes swing as well as the next man, but has found that "mixing them up" pays off. Read how Kirk, who bought his first sax for \$75 from a mail order house, has had good bookings year after year, by a simple formula that your own band can follow!



She is a Hep Cat Who Likes long-hair music. Louis Prima played a hot arrangement of the "Wedding March" on her wedding night. She likes musicians and jam sessions—but best of all she "digs" the classics, and prefers Grieg and Shostakovitch!

8-PIECE SWING ARRANGEMENT FREE!

Hoyt Jones, sensational young arranger, who has done work for Goodman and Harry James, offers his original special, *Postage Stomp*, complete for eight pieces. You won't want to miss this exclusive feature of MUSIC and RHYTHM. There's a new arrangement every month!

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He'd Rather Eat, So Hodes Junks His Band

New York—Saying he would prefer to "eat regularly" than sit around without work with a band which only record collectors praise, Art Hodes last week disbanded his "righteous jazz" combo and made plans to reorganize with another small group, to be built around his own piano and Rod Cless' clarinet.

Hodes, who came to the fore in 1940 as a result of the praise of Herman Rosenberg, Dan Qualey, Bob Thiele, George Avakian and other "purists," will try an Ellington format with his new group, he said. There'll be no trombone. "I want a small band which can play in an Ellington vein and still please the public," Hodes said. "If we have to play rhumbas we'll play 'em—and play 'em well. But we'll not be corny and the band will always be musically legitimate."

Bitterly disappointed because New York hot fans, record collectors and jazz musicians did not patronize Childs' Restaurant on upper Broadway, Hodes hopes to construct a danceable, musical unit which will please a wider variety of patrons. Hodes finished his Childs' date two weeks ago and now is rounding up men to form his new group.



Pause That Refreshes his golden trombone. . . Will Bradley, the young man with a slip-horn, waters his mouthpiece during a recent record date at Columbia's New York studios. Now playing theaters, the Bradley crew with Ray McKinley and Freddy Slack, is going into the percentage on every date.

BMI Gets Songs By Larry Clinton

New York—Larry Clinton's library of original tunes, with only a few exceptions, has been turned over to BMI.

All of the tunes listed in the deal, which was swung by Clinton with Milton Pickman, his manager,

guiding him, now may be performed on the air. Jack Bregman, an ASCAP publisher, owns all rights to several of Clinton's originals. They will not be available for broadcast on non-ASCAP stations.

Double - Duty

New York—No, your ears aren't fooling when you hear Victor-Bluebird records made by Bea Wain, Barry Wood and Dick Todd, all vocal soloists in their own right.

Inasmuch as all three artists use virtually the same studio orchestras, man for man, their recording sessions are held about once a month the same day. As soon as one finishes cutting his wax the other steps up. Only the arrangements—and the voices—are different.

Teddy Wilson Opens Date In Chicago

Chicago—In his first jaunt to the middlewest as a band leader, Teddy Wilson will bring a 7-man combo into the Pump Room of the swank Ambassador East Hotel here on the 21st of this month. The Wilson band follows Matty Malneck and is set for an eight weeks' date with options.

Wilson's personnel reads as follows:

Bill Coleman, trumpet; George James, baritone sax only; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone; Al Hall, bass, and J. C. Heard, who recently replaced Yank Porter, on drums.

The Wm. Morris office set the deal with Ernest Byfield, head of the Ambassador and Sherman Hotels here.



Bluebird Boogie

Cutting a couple of boogie sides on a recent Bluebird platter session, guitarist maestro Teddy Powell and Ruth Gaylor are caught by the lensman in the middle of a chorus. Two boogie sides by the Powell band soon to be released are *Boogie Woogie on the Down Beat* and *Bluebird Boogie Woogie*.

Boys in the Powell band include saxmen Peter Terry, Phil Olivella, Gene Zanone, and Harry Davis. The trombone man seen in the shot is John O'Rourke.

'We'll Scare Those Guys to Death'—Andrews Sisters

New York—"Just let us sing together at a Harvard prom—we'll scare those guys to death."

That's how the Andrews sisters, Patty, Maxene and Laverne, replied to the editors of the *Harvard Lampoon*, campus humor mag, who recently selected the famous girl trio as the "most frightening act in motion pictures in 1940." The "honor" was made as a result of their performance with the Ritz brothers in the movie *Argentine Nights*.

Patty, Maxene and Laverne took the ribbing good-naturedly. "Those nice Harvard boys are all right—but we'd like to sing at one of their proms—we'd show them how we really can scare people." The mag named Miriam Hopkins as the movie actress as its "least desirable companion on a desert island."

Harry James, Boys Take Rest

New York—Harry James, who has been monkeying with the idea of using fiddles in an attempt to fuse jump with commercialism in what he has chosen to call "walk rhythm," is giving the band a vacation for a couple of weeks after they finish their Brandt theater commitments. At press time, Harry's wife, the former Louise Tobin, vocalist with Benny Goodman, was in Texas expecting momentarily to present James with an heir. Harry was to join her here.

Jo Stafford Cuts First Solo

New York—Jo Stafford, more prominent as the fem member of Tommy Dorsey's Pied Pipers, cut her first record as soloist with the band last week. She sang *For You*.

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Benny Carter Heads West

New York—That Benny Carter man—the man who is equally dextrous with an alto, trumpet, clarinet or arranger's pen—is ready to hit the road toward the middle west. As soon as he closes his engagement at Nick's in the Village he'll head west to work in and out of Cleveland and Chicago.

Lineup of Carter's band—after it was raided by Fletcher Henderson and others—now includes Lincoln Mills, Tom Lindsay, Sidney DeParis, trumpets; Vic Dickinson, James Archey, Joe Britton, trombones; Fred Mitchell, Alfred Gibson, tenors; William White, Jim Johnson, altos; Benny himself on alto; Charlie Drayton, bass; Isaac Cruikshank, drums, and Sonny White piano.

Mort Davis is managing and lining up Carter's tour.

Balto Band's Boss Banquets Boys

BY GEORGE S. EVERLY

Baltimore—Probably the top band around town is the George Van Dorn 14-piecer. They've just completed their third consecutive year of broadcasting over station WFBR and were given a banquet at the Lord Baltimore Hotel in token of their fine work. The pick of Baltimore musicians, the boys play anything from classic to jump, but good.

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'Jazz Of Mu

New York—standards of e music." Joseph famous "longh last week. "It get away with mance of Poet with a well-wri Szigeti (it ghetti) is a h water, being o man's greatest brought to pop impressionist l —more colors using them. I t ened the recep

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'Jazz Has Raised Standards Of Music,' Szigeti Thinks

New York—"Jazz has raised the standards of efficiency in playing music," Joseph Szigeti, world-famous "longhair" violinist, said last week. "It is much easier to get away with a slovenly performance of *Poet and Peasant* than with a well-written jazz piece."

Szigeti (it rhymes with spaghetti) is a hep-cat of the first water, being one of Benny Goodman's greatest admirers. "Jazz brought to popular music what the impressionist brought to painting—more colors and more care in using them. I think jazz has sharpened the receptivity of the listener."

THESE DEALERS WILL BE FIRST TO SHOW THE

er," he said. Szigeti is heard Sunday nights over WOR and the Mutual Network with a combo led by Alfred Wallenstein.

Bassist Dies of Skull Fracture

Miami—Norman Meyers, Pittsburgh bass player who had been working the 600 Club here, died of a skull fracture at Victoria Hospital several hours after an automobile collision Jan. 26. Meyers was 25 and had been in Miami four years and had worked most with Harry Collins' unit. His widow suffered a knee injury in the same accident. A son also survives.



Seven to a Bar, the Glenn Miller men flock between shows of their current Paramount Theater date in New York. In this case it's a milk bar, and lapping up the cow juice from left to right are Paul Tanner, Wilbur Schwartz, Raoul Hidalgo, Trigger Alpert, Bullets, Ray Eberle and Jimmy Priddy. The band heads west this weekend to start work on the Sonja Henie movie, "Sun Valley," for 20th Century-Fox. Miller's recently signed 3-year contract with RCA-Victor is the best band recording contract ever signed, guarantees Glenn \$750 per side. It doubled the terms of his former contract.

'Song Hits' Pub Dies in New York

New York—George Engel, publisher of the magazine "Song Hits," died Jan. 28, at his home here. Funeral services were attended by many of the music publishers with whom Engel had worked during the last five years. "Song Hits" was devoted primarily to the lyrics of popular songs through contract arrangements between Engel and the music publishers. Lyle Engel, the publisher's son, has edited the publication for the past three years and will continue publication.

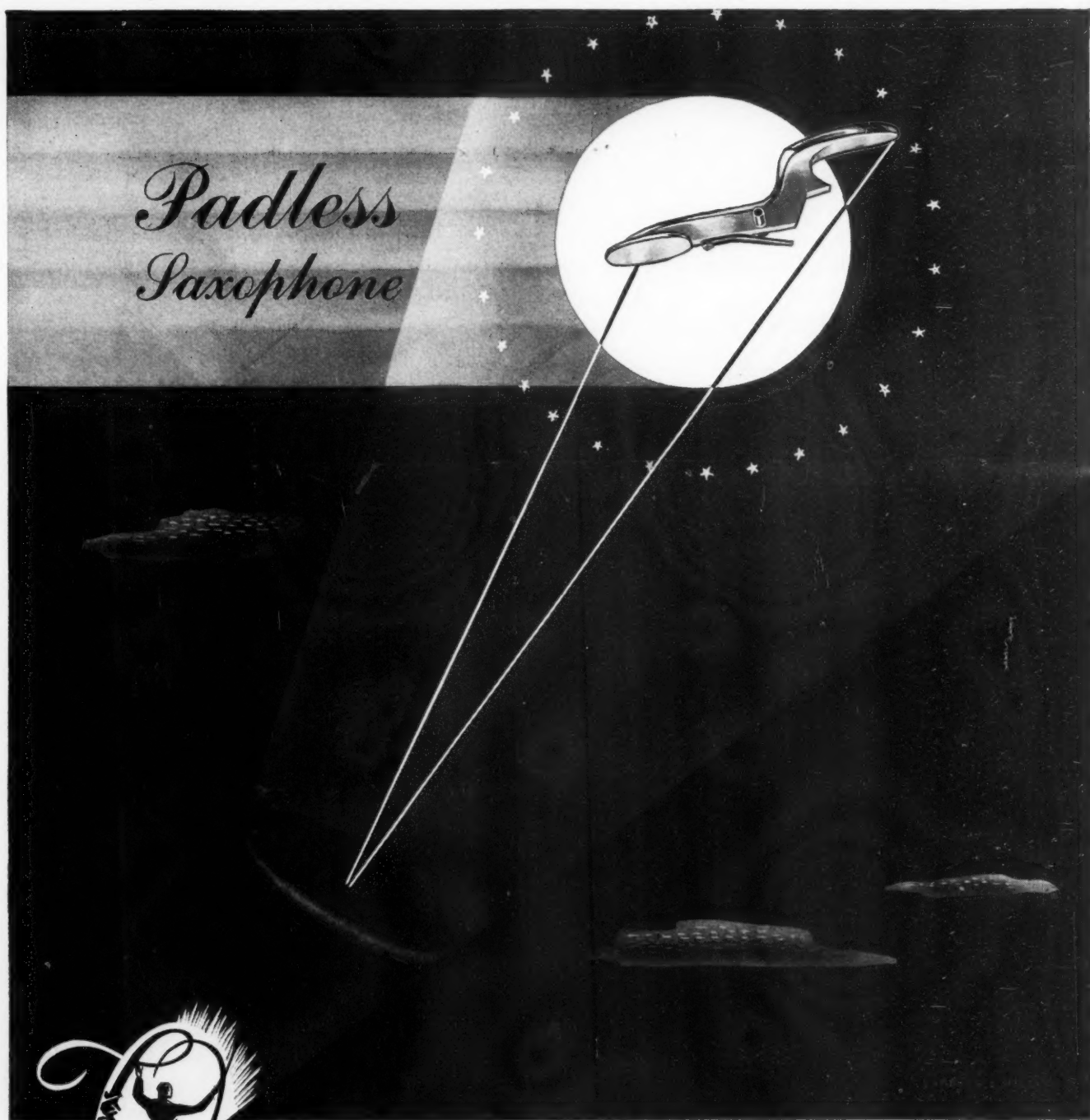
On the Cover

Adding a zany light touch to present arms-consciousness of the nation, Woody Herman guitarist, Hy White, left-shoulders the gitbox, right-shoulders the bangstick.

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Norvo Unappreciated Genius—Frazier

Cusses 'Handlers Who Screw Things Royally'

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

Red Norvo's current band is neither great nor, for that matter, especially exciting, but it is a good enough band to confirm my long-standing suspicion that a leader is more



Red Norvo

important than his material. In my time I've seen but six leaders who impressed me as being truly first-rate, only six men who could

take a group of competent musicians (not stars necessarily, because the question of stars doesn't enter into it) and shape them into more than a merely passable ensemble. Those leaders were Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Ben Pollack, Joe Haymes, Benny Goodman, and Red Norvo.

Norvo with 'Big Boys'

And, for my tin, they've been the only ones with sufficient genius (inspirational genius, I suppose you'd call it) to make a band, virtually any band, sound proficient and, in high moments, even glow-

ing. Ellington, who is admittedly the candy kid, is patently a cinch for any such list, and it will probably be agreed that somewhere behind him come Henderson, Pollack, Haymes, and Goodman, but the case of Norvo isn't likely to be so amiable a problem, because he, more than any other leader whose name comes to mind offhand, still remains pretty much of an unappreciated genius. To me, though, he belongs right up there with the big boys.

I've always felt so and now that I've heard his latest band, I feel even more deeply so. It isn't, as I say, either great or especially exciting, but it does sound distinguished in the manner of every band that Red has ever had. The guy's ability to whip raw talent (sometimes, alas, even the talent isn't there) into a highly proficient and frequently moving band amounts to sheer genius. At the moment he has a ten-piece affair

(rhythm, three reeds, two trumpets, trombone) that plays with a poise and subtlety that are all too rare these days. The pleasantest thing about it is its taste—no flash, no compromise with second-rate appetites—and that, together with its wonderfully relaxed quality, make it practically unique among ofay bands. For the likes of me at least, it is a hell of a lot more stimulating band than either Glenn Miller's (Is this Tex Benke supposed to be good or something?) or Tommy Dorsey's, with a refinement and an integrity that those bands lack completely, but Glenn is said to have made \$750,000 last year and Tommy. . . . But that's another story.

'Shabby Handling'

All of which would seem to suggest that Norvo has been the victim of some pretty shabby handling by his office. There was a period a few years back (when the band was at the Blackhawk, with plenty of air shots, and afterwards at the Commodore) when Red appeared to have hit it. The band was magnificent (if you doubt me, play some of the records out of that period); the reeds were feathery (listen to *Always* for something pretty special in that department); the rhythm section was integrated and unobtrusive (although at times the lack of a perfect recording balance doesn't show this to be so); the soloists were really topnotch, and Mildred was singing as only Mildred can. And, to climax that, Red had a tune. He had *Weekend of a Private Secretary*, and when Bailey sang it, it stayed sung for all time. That, in itself, should have been enough to have moved him to the top, but somehow it didn't quite do that and no one, least of all Red himself, has ever been able to understand why. My own suspicion is that his handlers bitched things rather hopelessly, because that was the time for them to give it the

gun, to spread the gospel that here was a really swell white band. But, instead, Red got the kiss-off or the leg or something and nothing ever happened. He is still a great leader, though; still, it seems to



George Frazier, Boston jazz commentator, cuts out some hot cornet for relaxation from his jazz writing. Read Frazier's eulogy of Red Norvo's "genius," on this page. George's often vitriolic but always sincere vowel mill will spew his ideas regularly for *Down Beat* readers.

me, a greater white leader than anyone since Pollack, but the breaks simply haven't come his way. He still has a band that plays heartfelt jazz, a band with guts and a magnificent ease to it, and he always will have, I suppose, whether it's a band of stars or of green kids.

'Handlers Screw Things'

But in the music business they don't always play off on talent. There are always the handlers, of course; always the handlers to screw things royally and always a lot of stupid bastards who don't get the news very quickly and who never should have been in the music business in the first place. Which is one of the reasons why a slew of irritating little frights have

become band leaders and in so doing have done the cause of good jazz a great hurt. Sometimes I wonder when I tune in late at night. . . . Who in God's name ever told Bob Chester or Les Brown or Tommy Reynolds that they were band leaders? I'm simply dying to know who ever told them that.

I'm afraid that Jimmy Rushing's head cold kept Basie's *It's the Same Old South* from emerging as one of the really important (and significant, too, if that word hasn't long since outlived its usefulness) records of the past few years. The tune is absolutely wonderful—a socially significant lyric that manages to avoid stuffiness, a socially significant lyric that eschews the dreadful seriousness of *Strange Fruit*—and Basie's band plays it for all it is worth, but Jimmy's cold hurt his enunciation and you really have to dig to get the words. Frankly, I am at a loss to understand why John Hammond let it go through, because on a good day Rushing could have done it justice, could have sung it better than anyone else in the business, with the sadness of that big unschooled voice of his, and the resultant record would have been a classic. Even as it is, though, it's an all right job. Its coupling is all right too. It's that *Love Jumped Out* tune of Buck Clayton's, a pretty thing that could be as big as *Don't Be That Way* and *Stompin' at the Savoy* with the proper exploitation, and the trumpet in it is merely wonderful.

The Sunday afternoon jam sessions in Providence have moved into the Beachcomber and seem to be doing nicely. Bernie Billings, Don Walsh, and Waldo Kaufer, who worked diligently to put the idea across, have finally proved that people will pay thirty-five cents to listen to good, uninhibited jazz. I've caught two sessions and am able to report that they were successful in more ways than one. The attendance averages around two hundred and some twenty or twenty-five musicians usually show up to sit-in. Rico Valise, who plays horn in the Hackett style, Billings, and Johnny Catullo, a promising young clarinetist, form the nucleus of the band and now, with the switch into the Beachcomber, there will be that spot's quite wonderful quartet to participate.

Addendum: Quite a few people who read my recent column on Benny Goodman's new band seem to have missed its point completely. I didn't review the band (I'm charitable and merciful enough never to review new bands, although there really appears to be no good reason why a band that is playing to paying customers shouldn't stand judgment. After all, new shows are reviewed in the dailies), but merely said that the Old Man, in my benevolent opinion, hadn't come through with anything new. I did not say that the band was either good, bad, or indifferent, but merely that a lot of us had hoped that Benny might come forth with something novel and exciting. I don't think he did, though. It is still a Goodman band—still a big, organized band with That Girl still singing, still with

(Modulate to Page 9)

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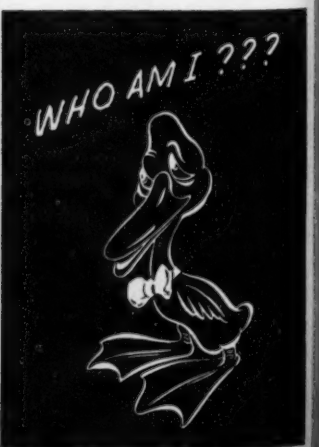
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(Grace Hayes set to make leader at his Ventura Blvd. will front the Ex-Kemp trun was included Lyle Griffin's was due to ta the Hollywood is plenty oka bone and voca is staging a c its Monday again. Davy night affairs (Plaza Hotel the Hollywood tion. . . . Ru who came to date, will rem play the Casa Loma, F . . . L.A.'s O lation to Chi the spots kno law violations ("Tiny") Fis agency band L.A. shortly Wm. M. band goes East. . . will be seen i husband's "P just complet one word of she'd get ever other long-te cently in Bob stint at the Bob, who hea of the local jo in his sixth y Out at Repul Crosby Bob C with their imp on the sets o pic, in which opposite Judy head of Repu one of the m miers of the & band, form Ballroom, mov some Club. T took over at Garber takes Feb. 21. . . the local Dec pulled out fo round-the-cou plants latter p

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Los Angeles who left the eral months s home here fo has been doi here, taking i gets into shap

Huge Hospital Campaign Launched by L. A. Local

BY CHARLIE EMGE

Los Angeles—A campaign has been launched by Local 47, under the leadership of "Spike" Wallace, to raise a fund to build a hospital for Local 47 members and their families. The immediate goal is \$100,000, the money to be raised by a series of benefits and by means of private donations.

"Spike" himself has promised to secure at least \$10,000 worth of contributions from prominent citizens of southern California.

First Benefit Planned

First event in the series of benefits will be a grand ball staged in honor of recently reelected President Wallace and his "official family." The affair is tentatively scheduled for Feb. 24. Entertainment will be provided by major stars of screen and radio, name bands and others who already have volunteered their services. A jam session, featuring some of the world's most noted swingsters, will also be part of the show.

A partial list of the committee in charge of the preliminary campaign includes Dave Malloy, Dave and Manny Klein, Dave Rose, Davy Forester, Louis Castelucci, Robert Zeigler, John Ayers, and Dr. Ezra Lax. There are many others.

To Be Fully Equipped

Dr. Lax, a member of Local 46 with a large practice among musicians, said that actual plans for the hospital and its administration

are still in their formative stage, but the general plan is to have a modern building completely equipped and staffed, and to offer complete hospitalization to members of the Local and their families free, or as nearly free of charge as is feasible.

All expenses for the money-raising campaign are to be paid out of private donations and benefits, stated "Spike," and at no time will a tax or assessment be levied upon the membership for the project.



'Draft Records' is what Horace Heidt, left, calls them. He is shown presenting a set of his band's patriotic recordings to James Roosevelt for his U. S. Marine Camp at San Diego. Similar sets of ten records, all on the Columbia label, are being sent to ten other U. S. Army camps. The Heidt band just completed its first pic, "Pot O' Gold" for the Roosevelt-Mills soundies.

L.A. Musician Sues Attacker For \$10,000

Los Angeles—Ed Gruen, the Local 47 picket who last month was brutally attacked by an assailant he identified as Harry Willis, operator of the Royal Cafe nitery he was picketing, has filed a \$10,000 damage suit against Willis.

Willis, according to witnesses, mauled Gruen while a couple of hoodlums held his arms. He suffered severe bruises and lacerations.

The Bartenders' union (also AFL) of which Willis was a member, promptly expelled him when they learned of the incident. Willis also belongs to the AFL steamfitters and welders' union, which

until the time of this writing had failed to take any action, but something was expected to happen following the arrival here of a special investigator sent from the union's international office in Washington.

Billy Bisset In Phoenix

Phoenix, Ariz. — After eighteen weeks at the Santa Rita Hotel in Tucson, the Billy Bisset band recently went into the Adams hotel here, with an Arizona network shot six nights a week. Lineup includes Byron Dalrymple, Chet Barnett and Jack Baker on saxes; Hank McCarty on trumpet; Harlan Kewish on bass; Bob Shimp on accordion; Bill Morgan on drums; Alice Mann doing vocals, and Bisset on piano.

Los Angeles Band Briefs

Peter Lind Hayes, son of Grace (Grace Hayes Lodge) Hayes, was set to make his debut as band leader at his mother's ultra-ultra Ventura Blvd. spot Feb. 4. Hayes will front the band and do vocals. Ex-Kemp trumpet ace Dale Brodie was included in the line-up. . . . Lyle Griffin's okay swing combo was due to take over the stand at the Hollywood Cafe Feb. 2. Lyle is plenty okay himself on trombone and vocals. Hollywood Cafe is staging a campaign to build up its Monday night jam sessions again. Davy Forester's Monday night affairs at the "It" Cafe (Plaza Hotel) have been giving the Hollywood plenty of competition. . . . Russ Morgan & band, who came to town for a theater date, will remain on the Coast to play the Palladium following Casa Loma. Russ opens March 9. . . . L.A.'s Off Beat Club (no relation to Chicago's) was among the spots knocked over for liquor law violations recently. . . . Ed ("Tiny") Fishman, Wm. Morris agency band juggler, arrives in L.A. shortly to take over local Wm. M. band affairs. Dick Dorso goes East. . . . Mrs. Horace Heidt will be seen in a bit part in her husband's "Pot O' Gold" picture, just completed. Mrs. Heidt drew one word of dialogue. She said she'd get even at home. . . . Another long-term discoverer recently in Bob Mohr's Sunday night stint at the Royal Palms hotel. Bob, who heads one of the busiest of the local jobbing outfits, is now in his sixth year at the R.P. . . . Out at Republic studios the Bob Crosby Bob Cats are layin' 'em out with their impromptu jam sessions on the sets of the "Sis Hopkins" pic, in which Bob Crosby plays opposite Judy Canova. Cy Feuer, head of Republic's Music dept., is one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the band. . . . Tom Swift & band, formerly at the Figueroa Ballroom, moved over to the Lonesome Club. Teddie McKay (Klein) took over at the Fig. . . . Jan Garber takes over at Casa Manana Feb. 21. . . . Joe Perry, boss of the local Decca recording studios, pulled out for New York and a round-the-country tour of Decca plants latter part of January.

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Janalee on Mend
Los Angeles — "Janalee" Moore, who left the Ray Noble band several months ago to return to her home here for a throat operation, has been doing light club dates here, taking it easy until her throat gets into shape again.

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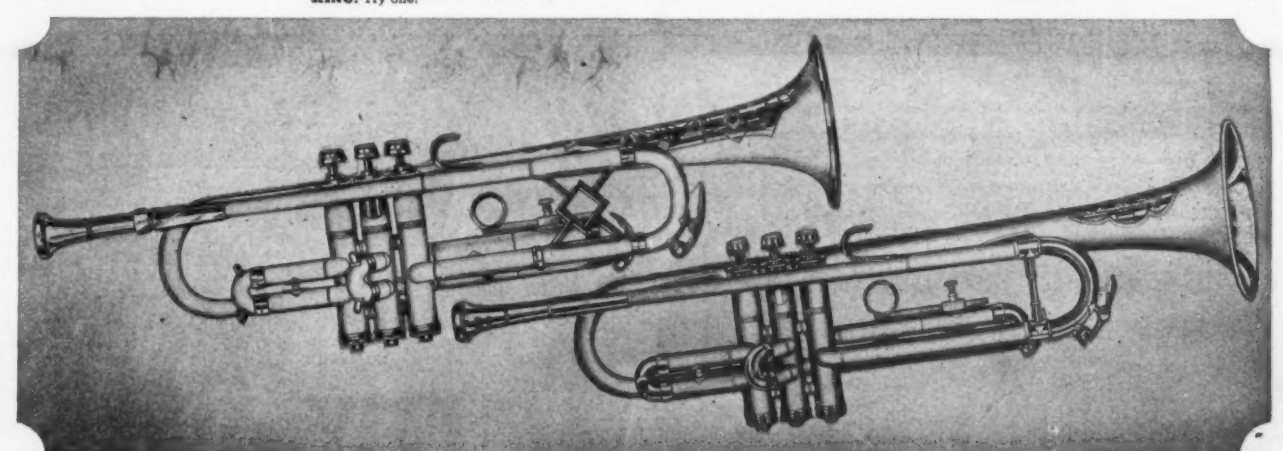


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Ted Locke Gets Off on Criticism:

Says Most Jazz Critics Are Not Qualified

BY TED LOCKE

Boston—Not so long ago I was introduced to a group of musicians as "the well known critic of Jazz music." Under most conditions this would have been a most flattering presentation. People would have rushed forward to kiss the hem of my surplice.

But not this time. I would have been more popular if it had been announced that I had bubonic plague. There were eyebrows raised and glances exchanged. I was soundly hated on all sides. Having too much respect for the musical ability of my new-found enemies I was unable to take refuge in returning their hate, so was compelled to spend a most uncomfortable evening. It would have been excusable had I escaped to a convenient rest-room to dissolve in tears.

Just a 'Casual Observer'

Actually I have never considered myself a critic in the true sense of the word. I find there are two kinds of critics. One is a sincere and skillful judge of creative effort. The other is a chronic fault-finder. He's apt to make judgments capriciously. He's inclined to be bilious. I must admit that I'm fond of expressing my musical opinions publicly and in a loud voice. Perhaps because of that I should allow myself to be labelled with that contemptuous appellation, "critic," a word that is fast

becoming an addition to every musician's profane vocabulary. On the other hand as I don't fit into either category it is probably incorrect to regard me as anything but a casual observer.

Why this bitter enmity between Jazz musician and Jazz critic? It's hard to comprehend. In other arts we find usually the utmost of respect between artist and critic. It isn't uncommon to find the artist directing his efforts toward his professional critic rather than his public. Perhaps the artist understands that criticism is an important phase of creative art. An intelligent artist will realize that because of many things the critic actually is in a better position to evaluate the worth of an artist's creation. But not so in Jazz. The average Jazz musician usually regards the critic as "an ignorant sonovabitch that needs a poke up side the snoot." Sadly enough, in most cases he is right.

'Backwoods Authorities'

The breach existing between artist and critic is ninety per cent the fault of the latter. In the first place there are too many music magazines. In the second place these magazines have too many writers. In the third place, fourth place, etc., the majority of these writers are without background. They have no business writing criticism. It's quite possible for some youngster who doesn't know a hemidemisemiquaver from Mugsy Spanier to print a story about the night Louis Armstrong did or did not cut Emmett Hardy. It's not uncommon for some mug, with his tongue in his cheek (I hope to God), to cause a nation-wide furor with a little opus entitled "Collectors' Fathers are Jerks." Too many of these backwoods columnists are able to masquerade as supreme authorities. It's small wonder that the more able critics don't receive the respect they deserve.

At times even the best critics show deplorable lapses of taste. Often they are swayed from the

path of common sense by their personal likes and dislikes. Many of them have either friendly or out and out commercial interests in certain bands and musicians. A few of our major critics exist merely on their reputations, college English courses, and superior

Shaftsbury Hollow Ladies' Silver Cornet Band), knowing full well that to deny the musical value of any of Louis' records made prior to 1931 is a definite challenge to sound critical judgment, is it any wonder that intelligent lovers of Jazz are beginning to lose faith



Sandy Williams, ace sliphornist formerly with Chick Webb and Coleman Hawkins, and Albert Nicholas, vet New Orleans clarinet artist, hold down the front row while Zutty Singleton, Eddie Condon and Pee Wee Russell form the rear line at Milton Gabler's Sabbath bash at Jimmy Ryan's on New York's West 52nd street. Gabler holds jams every Sunday with many of the nation's most prominent jazzmen appearing in person. Pic by Charles Peterson.

attitudes. A number of them are only misguided. Somewhere along Life's way they became confused and got off on the wrong road.

Miller's Judgment Unsound?

P. E. Miller is an excellent example of the nice boy gone wrong. He doesn't quite catch the true essence of Jazz. He constantly searches for a pot of gold that doesn't exist. After reading his reviews of the recent Columbia Armstrong reissues, wherein he dismisses eight sides made by the master at the peak of his career with a "not much as music," wherein he bewails the absence of *West End Blues* and other titles from the Armstrong album (to which I might add that they should have also included the records Louis made with Clarence Williams, Sippie Wallace, Hociel Thomas, Chippie Hill, Nolan Welsh, Ma Rainey, Trixie Smith, Coot Grant, Erskine Tate, and the

in Mr. Miller and his fellow workers.

So far the only objection to critics that musicians can raise is that inasmuch as the critics aren't actively engaged in music as a means of livelihood they can't be equipped to properly discuss it as an Art. This is a silly argument. Of course a musical education is helpful to a certain degree but of more importance is good taste, discrimination, a philosophical background . . . in short, intellect. Critics must necessarily be far more cultured than the people whose work they review. To quote Oscar Wilde: ". . . criticism demands infinitely more cultivation than creation does."

'Musicians Are Morons'

Intelligence is not a requirement of artistic endeavor. Anyone who has much contact with musicians finds that as a group they belong in the moron class. We have only

to talk with them, listen to their stock-in-trade anecdotes and stories, to count the number of ones great artists now languishing in insane asylums, jails, and hospitals, their minds shattered by lives of debauchery and over-indulgence, to discover that many of the men who produce our beautiful music are mentally below par, and Emerson had good reason for saying: "Artists are wiser than they know." To complete our syllogism we must conclude that intelligence isn't necessary to produce great art, but it can't be denied that intelligence is necessary to appreciate it.

We cannot dispense with criticism. Jazz musicians must be brought to realize that. Perhaps if they were able to read and understand Wilde's excellent treatise on "The Critic as Artist" they would sooner become resigned to the truth. Wilde sums up the whole argument when he says: "An age that has no criticism is either an age in which art is immobile, hieratic, and confined to the reproduction of formal types, or an age that possesses no art at all. There has never been a creative age that has not been critical also. For it is the critical faculty that invents fresh forms. The tendency of creation is to repeat itself. It is to the critical instinct that we owe each new school that springs up, each new mold that art finds ready to its hand."

Criticism is the essential part of the creative spirit. It is the critic who throws the pure light of reason upon each work of art to determine its worth and value. In most cases the artist is dependent upon the critic to explain and translate his creations not only to his patrons but often to himself.

(Modulate to Page 18)

Fem Jazz Piano Ace



Chicago—Some of the finest feminine jazz piano in the middle-west is Sally Fairbanks'. Sally, shown here, gigs around Chi with Cy Reed's band and others. Before coming to Chicago a few years ago, she played and sang at the Post Lodge in Westchester County, N. Y. and on the radio. She had her own program on WFAS, White Plains, N. Y. Sally is an ardent devotee of Bob Zurke, and of the fem 88-lsts, she probably comes closest to approximating his style.

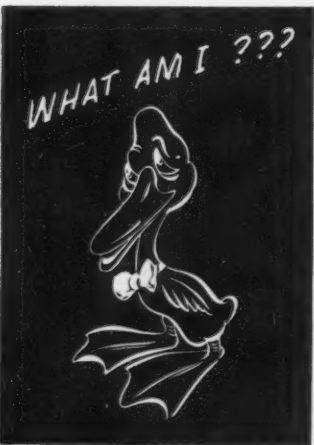
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George Frazier on Norvo, etc.

(Jumped from Page 6)

the same conception that carried the Old Man to the top. But whether it is a good big band or a bad big band, it is still too early to say. Benny obviously isn't satisfied and he's making plenty of changes. When he gives me the green light, I'll review it, but un-

til then I wish he would read my stuff more carefully. I'm too busy to have to spend my time straightening the Old Man out. Incidentally, the changes that are taking place are all for the good—Tough and stars like that replacing a

slew of guys named Joe. If you're good and eat your oatmeal, maybe I'll tell you about them in the next issue.

George Frazier, whose jazz writings have incited more oral fireworks than HR 1776, is a regular contributor to *Down Beat*. Many swear by him; many pan him. Read him and choose your side.

'Ascabs'

New York—The Hartmans, satirists of the dance, offer this series of definitions of the current ASCAP-Radio fight.

"Gene Buck—the ASCAPtain . . . the public-ASCAPegoats . . . ASCAP composers who switch to BMI-ASCABS."

Hal Wiese Active

Rock Island, Ill.—Hal Wiese, back in the game after a layoff of a couple of years, has an up and coming young band playing a series of Sunday night dances at the Fort Armstrong Hotel here. The outfit is styled along commercial lines, but not schmaltzy.

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Where We Stand on The Non-Union Band

Chicago

To the Editors:

I've been reading your magazine for three years now and I find it very interesting except for one thing: What's the matter with the small non-union orchestras that never get any writeups or any breaks?

Here on the west side of Chicago, Mark Spagat is having a tough time getting a spot, and why? Mark on his tenor is wonderful. A cross between Beneke and Freeman, he rides freely and plays as sweetly as Freddie Martin. His band kicks swell, too. Joe Janhuba plays a mean trumpet and Charles Desch has a sweet alto. And Jerry Rosenberg on drums is superb.

Why not have the *Down Beat* get lines on these small non-union orks? They rate high, but bad breaks keep them down.

Duke Martin

Chicago

Dear Duke Martin:

Please forgive our delay in answering your letter of last month. And thanks for the compliment on our rag.

As you should know, we have always tried to be the champion of the little guy in this business. And in championing the little guy, we feel that one of the most important requisites to his success in music is his membership in the A. F. of M. Don't forget, Duke, that while we have 150,000 odd members in the A. F. of M. who depend solely upon music for their three squares a day and for the three squares a day for their families, they are constantly bucking competition by the non-union college bands, factory bands and other outfits whose members are only interested in music as a sideline or hobby. We certainly don't mean to classify the Mark Spagat boys as "sideline musicians," but when we are dealing with such great numbers of musicians we cannot very well draw a line saying who is the amateur and who is the professional any other way except to classify them as union or non-union. That is why we stick on the side of the union.

Regarding Spagat and his boys specifically, we will say what we say to any "unpublicized" or "buried" band, union or otherwise: You cannot expect to get mention in *Down Beat* or in any other publication if you don't take some of the initiative in bringing yourselves to our attention. After all, it's physically impossible for us to keep tabs on every last musician and band in the country. But your writing to us brought Spagat and his boys to our attention. We have, in the past, given space to deserving non-union groups which were working toward the day when they could join the union. We can assume that the Spagat band falls into that category, and will try to get some mention of the band into an early issue. We ask your help, though, in providing us with some "legitimate news" concerning the band, or in sending in unusual photographs of the boys in action.

Hoping this explains the why and wherefor of our "union stand" and our stand on giving breaks to the unknowns who deserve them, we are,

Sincerely yours,

THE EDITORS

C. H. 'Pop' Cons, Down Beat Ed's Dad, Dies

Charles H. (Pop) Cons, 72, who had been a member of the *Down Beat* staff since the *Beat*'s inception more than a half dozen years ago, died in Chicago Feb. 2 as the result of a stroke suffered Oct. 15. The father of *Down Beat*'s managing editor, Carl Cons, and its production head, Harold Cons, "Pop" had shouldered the responsibilities of the circulation problems when *Down Beat* was written by Carl Cons and editor Glenn Burrs on a

couple of battered second-hand typewriters in the basement of the elder Cons' apartment at 810 Montrose, almost seven years ago.

Born in Vasteros, Sweden, he came to the United States when he was 17. For 47 years he was in the retail grocery business in Kansas



City, coming to Chicago, along with Mrs. Cons, eight years ago. "Pop" had seen the *Down Beat* offices spread to larger quarters four times. He had been in the bookkeeping department for the past few years, and had never missed a day on the job until he was stricken four months ago.

He was buried Feb. 5 in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Kansas City. In addition to Mrs. Cons, Carl and Harold, "Pop" is survived by George, daughter Mrs. Blaisdell Gates of Barrington, R. I., four sisters and a brother.

An always-friendly, genial nature, perpetually pipe-smoking "Pop" will be missed by the *Down Beat* gang for a long time.

Immortals of Jazz

Jimmy Noone's career is typical of a New Orleans jazzman. Born April 23, 1895, on a farm 10 miles outside New Orleans,



Noone took up guitar at 10, playing mostly "blues and plantation music." With Sidney Bechet as an amateur instructor, Noone started on clarinet in 1910.

Three years later he was playing regularly with Freddie Keppard's orchestra. Then followed stretches with the Young Olympia band, the Creole band, King Oliver, Doc Cook, and then his own group, in Chicago. Many a great colored musician worked under Jimmy's leadership—Earl Hines, Zutty Singleton, Alex Hill, Zinky Cohn and others. Jimmy, married to Rita Mathieu, now has a 3-year-old son, James Noone, III. Acclaimed by Hughes Panassie as being a clarinetist "1,000 times greater than Benny Goodman," Noone now jobs around Chicago, and has become a figure on the Windy City's south side in musicians' circles. Noone's records, many of the best ones with Hines at the piano, are prized items for collectors. *Down Beat* nominates Noone for its "Immortals" honor in tribute to his earthy, interesting New Orleans style of playing clarinet, and his untiring work as a leader, musician, composer and father. His name will always rank high on the list of those who did much to popularize jazz music as we know it today.

D. E. D.



Jess Stacy as a Missouri mopet aged about two is this little squirt with the battered straw bonnet, long hair and scowl on his infant pan. He's no longer a long-hair, but the finest jazz 88 man in the world (see last *Down Beat* poll results). Jess' dad, Fred Stacy, who is 79, sent this to us from Cape Girardeau, Mo., Jess' home.

RAGTIME MARCHES ON...

TIED NOTES

HAMILTON-KILTY—Lucille Hamilton, pianist-singer formerly on the KDKA staff in Pittsburgh, and Jack Kilty, singer, Jan. 19 in New York.

DAVIS-PURCELL—Ruth Davis, vocalist formerly with Horace Heidt, and William Purcell, Jan. 18 in Columbus, O.

CHASE-HAYES—Newell Chase, composer, and Grace Hayes, owner of the Lodge nitory in L. A., Jan. 21 in Las Vegas, Nev.

RANG-POWELL—Anthony (Bunny) Rang, guitar with Ray Herbeck's band, and Doris Powell, photog's model of Memphis, in Cincinnati Jan. 15.

TURINA-DEIBERT—Bob Turina, pianist-manager of Erwin Michel's band, and Marie Deibert of St. Louis, at Manhattan, Kas, last month.

COPE-KLINE—Johnny Cope, drummer at the Earle Theater, Washington, D. C., and Millie Kline, between shows Jan. 18.

TAYLOR-BARRE—Robert D. Taylor, member of the Hotel Knickerbocker trio, and Lorraine Barre, vocalist with Red Nichols' band, at the Little Church Around the Corner, N. Y., Jan. 13.

ANDREA-HEATON—Andrea Andrea, vocalist with Art Sharab's band, and Walter D. Heaton, of Greenville, S. C., early last month in that city.

JACOBS-NEIFERT—Donald Jacobs, band leader, and Jean Neifert, Jan. 12 in First Lutheran Church, Harrisburg, Pa.

ESSNER-LIPPENHOLZ—Ruth Essner, daughter of Philadelphia band leader Jack Lewis (Max Essner) and Joseph S. Lippenholtz, Jan. 12 in Philly.

MARTIN-FAIRCHILD—Lowell Martin, trombone with Tommy Dorsey, and Lucy Fairchild, in Hollywood while the band was making its movie there recently.

CALLAHAN-PHILLIPS—Robert Callahan, musical director of WINX, Washington, and Charlotte Phillips, at Fairmont, W. Va., Jan. 25.

NOONAN-DRAHOS—Ray Noonan, trombonist with Tony Pastor's band, to Mildred Drahos, of Avon, O., Jan. 29 at the Old Stone Church in Cleveland, O.

LOST HARMONY

HERMANN—Dorothy, from Ralph Hermann, Milwaukee musician, in that city recently.

AKST—Maurice, 68, musician, recently at his home in Freeport, L. I. From 1929 until '35 he was in the Roxy Theater ork in New York, after that in the Rudy Vallee radio program band. His son, Harry Akst, is the writer of *Dinah*.

BECKER—Edgar J. 68, musician, a month ago in Reading, Pa. of a heart attack.

NEVILLE—John P., 69, Detroit organist, a month ago in Providence Hospital in that city, of pneumonia after a three weeks' illness.

PROBERT—Grace M., vocal teacher and musical leader in Cleveland, recently in that city.

WILSON—Reed D., 67, member of the Colonial Theater pit band in Akron for 18 years, Jan. 4 in St. Thomas Hospital of that city after a lingering illness.

NEW NUMBERS

LAMB—Twin daughters, Lois and Lorinda, born recently to Mrs. Lois Deibner Lam at South Shore Hospital in Chicago. Mother is the trumpeter formerly with Ina Ray Hutton and others.

TORREY—A daughter, 6½ lbs., born to Mrs. Jack Torrey in Washington, D. C. Jan. 19. Dad is the trumpeter in the Gayety theater band there.

VAN ZANDT—A daughter, born to Mrs. E. P. Van Zandt Jr. in Ft. Worth, Texas, recently. Mrs. Van Zandt is the former Durelle Alexander, vocalist with the Fox Whiteman, Eddy Duchin and others.

ACTMAN—A son, born to Mrs. Irving Actman in Philadelphia Jan. 8. Dad is a songwriter and pianist.

WILKINSON—A son, born to Mrs. Eric Wilkinson at Temple U. Hospital, Philadelphia, last month. Dad is organist and staff accompanist on KYW there.

CAHILL—A daughter, born to Mrs. John T. Cahill in Doctor's Hospital, N. Y. Jan. 22. Mother is the former Grace Pickens of the Pickens Sisters vocal team.

DOMINICK—Twin sons, one 5 lbs. 9 oz. the other 5 lbs. 7 oz., born to Mrs. Peter Dominick in Miami last month. Dad is alto sax with Johnny Silver and Caesar La Monaca's Miami bands.

WILKINSON—A son, Kirk Yarwood, born to Mrs. Eric Wilkinson in Philadelphia last month. Dad is staff organist at station KYW there.

MOHR—A daughter, born to Mrs. Robert Mohr in Los Angeles, Jan. 21. Dad is a band leader.

WOODS—A son, born to Mrs. Bern Woods in New York Jan. 23. Dad is the music staff of *Variety*.

PEABODY—Eddie, Jr., 9 lbs. 12 oz. born to Mrs. Eddie Peabody at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Jan. 29. Dad is the banjo player.

FINAL BAR

LANONT—Harry K., 39, director of the symphony at the U. of Wichita and music critic for the *Wichita Beacon*, died Jan. 11.

COSTELLO—Bartley C., 70, writer of the English lyrics to *El Rancho Grande* and of the old *Where The River Shames Flowers*, died Jan. 14 at Germantown, N. Y.

MASTERS—Robert, 24, pianist with Buddy Howe's ork, Jan. 13 of a heart attack at his home in Carbondale, Pa.

RAICHE—Edward J., cornetist, in Det. N. H., Jan. 20 after an appendectomy. Raiche had played with Erno Rapaport's Roxy Theater ork, on NBC and several symphonies.

PATCHETT—Stan, 35, prominent British jazz enthusiast and critic, at Hamilton Bermuda of peritonitis last Christmas.

MEYERS—Norman, 25, bassist at the 600 Club in Miami, Jan. 26 of a skull fracture sustained in an auto accident. He was originally from Pittsburgh.

DUFFY—Joseph R., formerly a drummer with Al Donahue's band, suddenly died at his home in New York Wednesday, Jan. 22.

Chords and Discords

Don Warnow Smacks Of Evans and 'Hawk'

Brooklyn

To the Editors:

When I first heard Don Warnow in a little joint called the Pocahontas Club, up in the Plattsburg country, I couldn't believe my ears. I have heard the best of them, and with the exception of "Hawk" and the late Herschel Evans, I think Don could cut any of them. He is a colored fellow who was "big time" once, but his health knocked him out for a while. I believe the last band he worked with was Fats Waller's. His health is rapidly coming back and I don't think it will be long before he begins that long climb to the top again. He blows his horn in a style that smacks of Evans and Hawkins combined; plenty of guts, ideas, and tone.

That's all for now, except I really think your paper comes on like Dr. Kildaire.

PETER MAIO

'Something's Plenty Screwy Somewhere'

Chicago

To the Editors:

I don't know if you *Down Beaters* know it, but the Negro newspapers, particularly here in Chicago, are taking plenty of cracks at your sheet because of (1) your R. L. Larkin series depicting the sad plight of colored bands today and (2) Duke Ellington's having censured them for it and having referred to his winning second place in your swing poll "the greatest honor I've had in many years."

I am a colored man, and a musician, and when a newspaper (which, like all the rest of the colored papers, is constantly harping on racial prejudice and social equality) will come out and crack at the one ofay sheet the colored man an even break and I'm talking about *Down Beat*—then I begin to think something plenty screwy somewhere. And

(Modulate to next page)

Chords

don't mean v

The Negro readers believe band leaders should be because Mr. ticles and b then off for anti-Down B a lot of foul not a colored cian who I who does n

Actually u its attacks o the colored p racial prejudi crusading man getting preaching a and then at their houses and gage for Make min Down Beat,

Disputes Claim to 'Biggest'

To the Editor

I really got Smith's claim of having to Little Band," to offer word back to 1923 us to go back to be billed a Band," but use it as a re were three p Heere of Top of Omaha middlewest's one or the o ways our lea needs proof i into it with hearing. We around these coupons from Incidentally, *Down Beat* to issue.

P. S.—Our lo "Jim" Luchtford, Ia. Als plays piano a

'I Take O' Often But

To the Editor

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Calls Geo A 'Didact'

To the Editor

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Chords and Discords—

(Jumped from Page 10)

don't mean with *Down Beat*!

The Negro press would have us readers believe that all our big band leaders are (or that they should be) down on *Down Beat* because Mr. Larkin wrote his articles and because Ellington told them off for their anti-Larkin and anti-*Down Beat* stand. Now that is a lot of foul jive, because there is not a colored band leader or musician who I know of, big or small, who does not swear by *Down Beat*.

Actually what is happening by its attacks on *Down Beat* is that the colored press is stirring up the racial prejudice that it's supposedly crusading against. It's like a man getting in a pulpit and preaching a sermon to the people and then at night going around to their houses and passing out gin and gage for them to get lit up on. Make mine a double order of *Down Beat*, well done.

HENRY JOHNSON

Disputes Harl Smith's Claim to Title of 'Biggest Little Band'

Milford, Ia.

To the Editors:

I really got a bang out of Harl Smith's claim (Feb. 1 *Down Beat*) of having the original "Biggest Little Band." Possibly what I have to offer won't count, as it goes back to 1923, whereas Harl wants us to go back only to 1927. We used to be billed as the "Biggest Little Band," but we never saw fit to use it as a regular appellation. We were three pieces, either Howard Heere of Topeka or Roy Anderson of Omaha were considered the middleweight's "real" sax man, and one or the other of them was always our lead. Now if Harl Smith needs proof we will be glad to go into it with him and give him a hearing. We are still stumbling around these parts, just clipping coupons from those better days. Incidentally, we really wait for *Down Beat* to get out here every issue.

MATT J. RICHTER

"JIM" LUCHTEL'S TRIO

P. S.—Our location at present is at "Jim" Luchtel's Corn Crib, Milford, Ia. Also, "Jim" is a female, plays piano and accordion.

'I Take Off Often But Smoothly'

Lawrence, Mass.

To the Editors:

I am a young saxophonist studying with Andy Bagni of the Vaughn Monroe band, and he has me flattered after every lesson. I possess a good tone and a proper method of phrasing and leading a section. Most other saxophonists in the city play out of tune, can't lead and can't read good, but the fact remains that they play steady while I work only a few nights a week. I take off often but smoothly. Most other saxophonists get off in a Barnet manner and get the jobs from the drunken owners of our city's cafes. I'll stick to the commercial side hoping some day my break with a band will come for I love music and my sole ambition is to earn my living playing.

JOHN SIGNORELLI

Calls George Frazier A 'Didactic Upstart'

Boston

To the Editors:

I can't understand how George Frazier professes to be a critic on music. Firstly, the lad has no knowledge of any theoretical phase of music, let alone how to apply it. And believe me he does a bad job

of faking. I am not a longhair nor am I siding with Vaughn Monroe, who, our didactic upstart says, "is not my kind of band." But I am burnt up over the fact that Frazier pans bands like Miller, Shaw and a dozen other good ones, in order to create comment about himself and thus force himself into the company of "critics."

Monroe has a fine band and good solo men; they are still young and have attracted considerable atten-



Lately, every time I threaten him with the bogeyman, he says, "If you mean that cat, Meade Lux, bring him on!"

tion. Our party got quite a kick out of Frazier (in a far from rational state of mind and in a bad mood, probably due to girl-friend trouble) digging the Monroe band and later disparaging it.

HENRY ROBINSON

'Extremely Irritated'—Freddy Martin

Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editors:

In the December 15 *Down Beat* there is a story by Bob White on the merits of Steve Swedish's orchestra. Under the sub-head,

"Chick Offered Two-Bits Weekly," is the following line: "Freddy Martin wanted to take her with his band to Catalina," says Steve. "Guess what he offered her—\$25 a week!"

Because of the many letters I have received criticizing my alleged offer, I feel extremely irritated at the printing of this base untruth. I have nothing at all against girl singers, but in the nine year history of my orchestra I have never carried one. Not only have I never offered a girl singer a job at any time, but to print that I made such a ridiculous offer to anyone connected with the business

is unjust and detrimental to my reputation.

FREDDY MARTIN

Down Beat does not knowingly print false statements or credit any musician or band leader with saying what he has not said. Obviously either Steve Swedish or Freddy Martin is mistaken in this instance, and *Down Beat* has been an unwitting victim of whichever statement is erroneous. We apologize to the compromised maestro.

—EDS.

Dozens of pictures are splattered through every issue of *Down Beat*. And the news is the hottest, now with Dave Dexter, Jr., covering the New York beat. Don't miss an issue this year.

Three Girls Star in New Light Combo

New York—Looking "sharp" and happy on the job, Enoch Light opened at Arcadia Ballroom Jan. 29 for a 2-week "break-in job" with his new orchestra. Light, who nearly died of injuries received in a motor crash nearly a year ago, is featuring a girl fiddle trio. The girls also sing.

Holdovers from Light's old band, which broke records at the Hotel Taft, include Al Muller and George Vaughn, saxes; Art Lombardi, trumpet; Fowler Hayes, bass, and Roy Whitlock. Latter sideman, a trumpeter, may have to leave any day inasmuch as he recently enlisted in the army. He plays fine hot horn. Lombardi and Hayes also were injured in the accident, but not dangerously. Light retains his "Light Brigade," the small band within the band, although it has a revamped personnel.

Raymond Scott Personnel Set

Cleveland—Raymond Scott gives permission to print his personnel!

For the first time in four months Scott has his band fairly well set. Although it is vastly different from the band which he left New York with last July, Artie Ryerson on guitar; Benny LaGasse, lead alto, and Stan Webb, tenor, remain with him. Others in the band are:

Hy Small, Jackie (Crowl Man) Hall, Ralph Mayer, trumpets; Eddie Kolyer, Sam Levine, trombones; Hawk Kogan, alto; Herbie Fields Rainer, tenor; Carl Maus, drums; Mike Rubin, bass; Don Tiff, piano. Vocalists now are Clyde Burke and Gloria Hart.

The new Scott quintet includes Hall, LaGasse, Rubin, Webb, Maus and Scott at the piano. LaGasse plays clary in the small group. The band has been playing theaters and one-nighters since leaving Chicago's Blackhawk in January. Scott has asked newsmen to "lay off" printing the lineup of his band until "I'm sure I'm pretty well satisfied with the musicians."

We're Human

Baltimore—If you ever knew anybody who might have cracked that a musician "ain't got a heart," tell him this one: Not long ago a man and his wife, regular patrons of the El Patio club here and fans of the Kiki Garcia rumba combo, were seriously injured in an auto accident. They were sent to the hospital. Every night they were in it Garcia and the boys, during their intermission, got together in the office of the club and, by means of the telephone, serenaded their two hospitalized friends for the entire intermission period.

Busse, Reynolds Share Stage, But News is Scarce

New York—Henry "Hot Lips" Busse and Quentin Reynolds, Collier's well known war correspondent, shared stage honors at the N. Y. Strand for two weeks ending Feb. 6. Busse, who was born in Holland, camped in Reynolds' dressing room constantly pumping him for information concerning the low country.

Reynolds was in the low countries during the Nazi invasion and explained to Busse that there was no specific information available on any Dutch family.

SHORTY CHEROCK



Gene Krupa Orch.

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Men Behind the Bands

★ William Moore, Jr. ★

BY LEONARD G. FEATHER

Protegé of Sy Oliver, former butcher's clerk, and now hailed as the year's greatest arranging discovery, William Moore, Jr., has an extraordinary case history.

Strangest of all is his lack of practical experience. He has never played an instrument in a dance band, though he can play enough piano to work out his scores from the keyboard. Except for three months' study of arranging, his only teachers have been time and a natural gift for music.

Delivery Boy

Born in 1917 in Parkersburg, W. Va. ("Just across the river from Sy"), Moore came to New York at thirteen. He was in the butcher's shop seven years, on 131st St. and 7th Ave., starting as a delivery boy and ending as a clerk. As a sideline he studied the classics, and his fondness for Chopin led to an occasional attempt at composition in this idiom.

The first arrangement he ever had performed was one of *I Love You Truly* which he took in mid-1938 to Mike Riley, who turned it down. Moore sold it for \$4 to a small Harlem band. For about a

year he wrote for a couple of little-known groups uptown, until one evening, listening to Lunceford's band, he approached Sy Oliver.

"Sy gave me a lot of encouragement and heard some of my work. Then a little later when he decided to quit the band, he recommended me to Jimmie to take his place.

That first number I made for them—*You Can Fool Some of the People*—I could never have finished it without Sy's help."

Savitt Signs Him

After this first effort, Moore had many of his arrangements waxed by Lunceford: *Belgium Stomp*; *I'm in an Awful Mood*; *I Wanta Hear Swing Songs*; *What's Your Story Morning Glory*; *I Got It*; *Chopin Prelude No. 7*; *Bugs Parade*; *Monotony in Four Flats*; *Let's Try Again*; *Barefoot Blues*; *Pretty Eyes*.

Not long ago word began to get around downtown about Moore. Jan Savitt signed him up; through



"It's Lousy, everything I write. I mean it!" says Bill Moore about his arrangements. But Tony Pastor, Jan Savitt, Glenn Miller and a host of others disagree emphatically. Read Leonard Feather's accompanying story on this modest youngster who is now the full time arranger for Pastor's band.

this connection Moore got to know Bon-Bon, who had him make up all the special numbers which he's been featuring in airings from the Lincoln Hotel with Tony Pastor's band. This, in turn, led to an offer from Pastor himself to write some instrumentals. Glenn Miller, too, heard about Moore and had him write an original last month. A month ago Moore became full time arranger for Pastor.

For Savitt, Moore made a brilliant *Stardust*; an original, *Right Down Your Alley*; and Chopin's *Prelude No. 4*; *Silver Threads Among the Gold*; *Barefoot Blues* and *My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice* (from *Samson and Delilah*).

A real technical analysis of Moore's strikingly original ideas would take up an entire *Down Beat*. Here, though, are a few interesting revelations of how he goes to work:

Full Rhythm Parts

"I try to get as many new ideas

Stars Meet



New York—When Count Basie made a guest appearance on the CBS "We the People" show recently, the "Jump King" and Mark Warnow, the musical director of the show got together for a smoke and a little gab after the show was over. Basie's jump versions of Chopin and Bach works on the program drew Warnow's praise. Note the Count's profile in the mirror, center.

as I can think of, working from the piano. Usually it comes out sounding better than I hear it at the piano. I use a lot of what you might call choppy effects, with the rhythm section following the rest of the band. I write very complete parts for the rhythm section because I believe it's the most important part of the band and should be treated as a section, not just a background."

Moore says he uses as much open harmony as possible. (One of the boys in Glenn Miller's band, after running down some of his work, commented that Moore "voices so open he needs two bands!") He believes a baritone sax is indispensable in any band. "In *Morning Glory*," he points out, "the trombones were playing a counter-

Ralph Hawkins Gets Up Own Small Combo

BY WHITEY BAKER

Washington, D. C.—Ralph Hawkins, the ex-Harry James and Artie Shaw drummer, has formed a very solid little combination for club dates around town. Toby Tyler, former Krupa and Woody Herman trombone; Charlie Frank-auser, who has been with Glenn Miller and Krupa; Bob Heimer, tenor; Tris Hauer, trumpet, and Sammy Marks on piano make up the band.

The guys say Eddie Beaumont is the only cartoonist in the game who really catches the spirit of the profession. Dig Eddie in virtually every issue of the *Beat*.

Red Nichols' New Sax Section



Chicago—Gathering together some of this city's finest jazzmen, Red Nichols got under way with a band again after a layoff of some three months. Still booked by Frederick Brothers, Red is operating out of Chi and is now doing a batch of road dates in south central states. His saxmen, caught on a Milwaukee date recently by photog Gordon Sullivan, are, left to right, Rae De Geer, Verne Yocum, Jack Gaylo and Ray Schultz. Homer Bennett is at rear left on bass and Bob Harrington on drums at right rear.

point against the baritone; so were the rest of the reeds."

He doesn't use clarinets much, except for an occasional special effect. In Savitt's *Heart at Thy Sweet Voice* there's an unusual background to a trombone solo, in which two trumpets play melody and second part harmony while two clarinets play third and fourth part harmony above the trumpets. Moore says he got this idea from Sy, whom he admires enormously and whose style he started out to follow as closely as possible. But critics are agreed now that Moore has a very definite style of his own despite the Oliver influence.

Unorthodox Ideas

Another effect he likes to use has unison trumpets playing the melody with trombones and reeds playing harmony counterpoint. And one of his most noticeable pet effects is the use of major sevenths, particularly as a closing chord. "I'm crazy about them," says Moore. He used them virtually as the theme of *Monotony*. But he goes in for all kinds of unorthodox harmonic ideas and dissonances.

Moore lives in a quiet street off the main Harlem route, with his wife and very small son. One of his pals, Biff Hammond, comes around once a week and writes lyrics for the original tunes they work out together. He doesn't hang around with the hard-drinking Harlem night life crowd. He works very fast, sometimes leaving everything until the last minute and then turning out a job in four hours which may be his greatest ever.

But if you ask Moore about his work all he will do is giggle nervously and say: "I don't like it, there's nothing to it. Everything I write is lousy. I mean it!"

Hall Replaces Kmen

New York—Sleepy Hall moved into the Homestead Hotel in Kew Gardens, L. I., replacing Tut (Hank) Kmen's band.

Exit 'Dan'

Barrelhouse Dan, who for two years has reviewed all records for *Down Beat*, is no longer "associated" with the *Beat*. Dave Dexter, Jr., now New York editor, is in charge of reviews. The move was necessary because "Dan" actually was three members of *Down Beat's* Chicago staff, who combined their opinions and made their decisions together.

Ted Toll, Chicago editor, now is in charge of all record reviews of interest to the commercial phonograph trade. Dexter's reviews on page 14 will be slanted directly at musicians interested in good jazz. George Hoefer's "Hot Box" remains on page 17. With nearly three full pages devoted to recordings, *Down Beat* now is devoting more space to platters than any other publication in the field.

'Mixed' Red Norvo Band to Cafe Society

New York—Red Norvo and a new small combo which will probably include a couple of Negro musicians are set to open at Barney Josephson's swank new Cafe Society, uptown, following the Teddy Wilson band, which leaves for Chicago's Pump Room this week.

Norvo, who has been on the road for the past couple of months with a "small big" band of ten men, felt it would be better to take the Cafe Society date and cut a few men in order to rebuild his national prominence via the date at the smart uptown spot. Fletcher Henderson, originally considered to follow Wilson, will stay on at Roseland ballroom.

WHERE IS?

CECIL "DUKE" BELL, saxophonist, formerly with Louis Lidenton's orchestra?
BEE PALMER, singer and dancer?
DAVE BEREND, teacher and author of several publications?
"SNUB" POLLARD, formerly trumpet man with Red Nichols?
CARL UNGER, tenor saxophonist?
RAY BARR, pianist, formerly with Russ Morgan?
JOE MOONEY, arranger and accordionist, formerly with Frank Bailey, Buddy Rogers, etc.?
RAY RIZZONE, violinist, formerly with Sleepy Hall Orchestra about 1932 or 1933?
DICK WILLIAMS?
GRADY "MOON" MULLINS of the Southern Gentlemen orchestra?

WE FOUND...

JIMMY FARRELL is vocalist and guest director at the Hotel Gramatan, Bronxville, N. Y.
JOE LIGART, trumpet, can be reached at 2724 N.W. 36th street, Miami, Fla.

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Kemp Albums Spark New Record Releases

And Eight Earl Hines Sides Get Top Praise in Dexter's Reviews

BY DAVE DEXTER, JR.

Hal Kemp is gone and those who didn't know him won't have much to remember his work by, except for records his orchestras made down through the years. Few American dance units maintained a standard of popularity which the lean, soft-spoken Carolina saxophonist held from 1930 to that December night in 1940 when a fast-moving motor car crashed into Hal's, fatally injuring him and bringing to a sudden end a career which stacked up with the best of 'em in the business.

Two Kemp Albums Good

It's fitting, and timely, then, that both Victor and Columbia have released memorial albums of Hal's best waxings. Dye-in-the-wool Kemp followers should get both. For others less devoted to the Kempian style, either album will suffice. Victor's collection (P-51) shows the band during its 1937-40 period, and includes an excellent booklet listing personnel and biog material compiled by Mel Adams, for 10 years a close friend of Hal's. Columbia's package (C-42) is more historical, going back to 1932 and including *Got a Date With An Angel*, *Dinner For One*, *Please James, There's a Small Hotel*, *Where or When*, *You're the Top*, *Lullaby of Broadway*, *The Gentleman Doesn't Believe and I've Got You Under My Skin*.

The Victor pressings are *Got a Date With An Angel* (a later version than Columbia's of Kemp's theme, both with Skinnay Ennis vocals); *Remember Me*, *In Dutch With the Duchess*, *In an 18th Century Drawing Room*, *Speak Your Heart*, *Lamplight*, *Whispers in the Dark*, and *Love for Sale*. Both albums are beautifully designed, sell for the same ante and are musically impeccable, if not jazzy. *Le Hot* followers can skip 'em and try another album, by Earl Hines (Columbia C-41), which includes six piano solos and two band sides.

Earl Hines Album Socko

The solos are 57 *Varieties*, *I Ain't Got Nobody*, *Caution Blues*, *A Monday Date*, *Down Among the Sheltering Palms* and *Love Me Tonight*. With band, Earl does *Rosetta* (a new master with a full Hines chorus instead of Walter Fuller's vocal) and *Deep Forest*, his theme, issued only in Europe

until now. All eight are Grade-A etchings by a man who knows a keyboard as do few others, white or colored. *Nobody*, in fact, must rate as one of the very best solo 88 performances in history—not forgetting his Q. R. S. classics (in HRS album now) which up until now have been the Earl's best individual efforts available.

Hodges on Soprano Sax

You can't overlook Ellington, even where there are no records by his aggregation on the list. So spin *Junior Hop* (BBird 11021) and *Day Dream*, by Johnny Hodges' small group out of Duke's unit, for tasteful, gorgeously-scored jazz with more than generous portions of Hodges' soprano, on *Hop*, and alto. *Dream* smacks of Duke's *Warm Valley* (Victor) and convinces one of Billy Strayhorn's arranging talents. *Hop* is at faster, bounce tempo. And there's a brief bit of Lawrence Brown trombone to make both 100 per cent acceptable.

Butterfield on Mugsy Kick

When the *Quail Come Back to San Quentin* and *Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?* are titles—listed as originals—by Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five. On Victor 27289, they show a mess of undeniably excellent Shaw clary, Butterfield trumpet (the man's still on a Mugsy kick—but good) and Al Hendrickson electric guitar. Johnny Guarneri gallavants around on a harpsichord but the impression one gets is that his contributions, both solo and in ensembles, would be more easily digested if performed on a piano. Both tunes are at brisk tempo, sport a good beat, and include trite, off-beat riffs which Goodman would never use. Artie is more potent, with big band and small group, on show tunes and evergreens.

Clinton Stresses Vocals

Larry Clinton's Bluebird band leans heavy on vocal treatment, judging from *Rockin' Chair* and *Nobody Knows My Troubles*. Peggy Mann gives with the lyrics of both with saxist Butch Stone getting an assist credit on the Hoagy Carmichael standard. The band sounds good—especially the 5-way sax chorus on *Chair*, split with trumpet—and Mann sings better than most fem stand-decorators. But the kicks aren't there. On BBird 11018.

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Seger Ellis Big Surprise

Kicking around in the middle-west, and deserving better, if his *When It's Sleepy Time Down South* and *No Jug, No Jazz* (Okeh 5966) are a criteria, is Seger Ellis. *Sleepy* is just that—sleepy and slow, with a really good vocal by Ellis' wife, Irene Taylor. Flipover is a stomper, and kicks nicely with more than one instrumental—and anonymous—solo. Tony Pastor's *Paradiddle Joe* (BBird 11008) on the other hand is a showcase for drummer Johnny Morris and his sticks. Tony sells the song on his vocal—clever but not for the rabid jazzhounds. Kid drummers may en-



Benny Carter's Reed Section on his recent Bluebird record date sported this quintet of aces. Left to right in the pic are George Irish, tenor; Bill White, baritone; Carter on lead alto; George Dorsey, alto, and Fred Mitchell on tenor. Shortly after this date, a couple of the boys joined Fletcher Henderson for rehearsals with his new band. Carter's band is currently at Nick's in the Village.

joy Morris' raucous skin-beating demonstrations. *Adios* is the backer—only so-so but well done considering the material.

Helen Ward Back on Wax

In the center of the groove, even if not up to his old Brunswicks with Billie Holiday's song-selling, are Teddy Wilson's *Embraceable You* (Columbia 35905) and *I Never Knew*, both with Helen Ward lyric-interpolations. Helen sounds the nuts after too long an absence; she'll sound better with her "return to the studio" jitters gone. Benny Morton's trombone also helps, but that Wilson Steinway style is the whole show. Don't pass it up at four-bits.

Cootie-BG Combine Talents

Cootie Williams gets a break on Benny Goodman's *Benny's Bugle* (Columbia 35901) and *As Long as I Live* in a sextet arrangement which jumps. Benny blows his heart out, playing much differently than he did five years ago. Check his old Victors and see. Cootie's horn is too much, and spots of Charlie Christian's guitar are not overdone. Basic sounds better with his own group but he's welcome here, too. Unlike Shaw, Benny knows good taste when it comes to a chamber jazz group. Trouble is, both are poorly recorded. But the stuff's here and a turntable spin will prove it.

Waller on Eddie Condon Wax

Milton Gabler's untiring efforts to promote good jazz (he's now sponsoring Sabbath bashes weekly on West 52nd street in New York) are responsible for a new batch of superior jazz on Gabler's own red Commodore label. Newest of the

output are four sides, each 10-inches, by Eddie Condon and his pickup band, a motley outfit which has Fats Waller on piano parading under the name of "Maurice." Titles are *Pretty Doll*, *Oh Sister Ain't That Hot*, *Georgia Grind* and *Dancing Fool* (Com. 535-536) and the personnel comprises besides the leader's guitar, and Waller, Marty Marsala, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clary; George Brunies, trombone; Art Shapiro, bass; George Wettling, drums. The stuff this gang engraved won't appeal only to the purists, but also to many musicians who feel like getting kicks from a loudspeaker—especially

ca release which merits attention is Wingy Carpenter's *Preaching Trumpet Blues* (Decca 8519). Wingy is a one-armed Negro. In order to get his plunger effect he sets his horn in a makeshift wooden stand and by pushing his horn with his mouth into a mute, obtains a Spanier-like effect worth hearing. Backing is Bob Pope's *That's All I Ask of You*. It's just a backing.

Two Kirk Sides Pashy

The Andrews Sisters break it up on two Don Raye-Hugh Prince boogie composites from the new pic *Buck Privates*. On Decca 3598, they are *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* and *Bounce Me Brother With a Solid Four*, Vic Schoen and a Hollywood pickup band supporting. Typical A. S. biscuits, well done, but a little on the trite side. Have they already forsaken their new *Mean to Me* style which clicked so well in the coin machines?

Andy Kirk gives Henry Wells, lead trombonist, top billing on *I Feel This Way Tomorrow* and *Or Have I?* on Decca 3582. Two ASCAP tunes, neatly sung by Wells, and note the pretty backgrounds. And the army influence is showing strong on wax already. Skeets Tolbert emphasizes it on *Draftin' Blues* (a Maceo Pinkard special) and *Bugle Blues*. But it's a rough little group, Yack Taylor is no song-seller, and unless the cash is handy and plentiful there's no sense squandering it on records of this nature. Decca 8516.

And there's more to come in the next Beat.

Mildred Bailey Jack Teagarden On Decca Wax

New York—Mildred Bailey, after nearly six months of inactivity in record studios, returned to wax last week at Decca's 57th street studios with an instrumental quartet. The move marks her change from Columbia to the Decca label. Decca officials, by allowing Mildred a wide choice of tunes, expect her newest sides to outsell any of her previous ones. Her contract calls for her selecting her own musicians on each date.

Jack Teagarden's band also is Decca property now. The Texas trombonist recorded his first sides Jan. 31, including *Dark Eyes*, *Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-Sharp Minor*, *Big Tea Stomp* and an original blues, with vocal by Teagarden, called *Blues to the Lonely*. Jack's entire band took part. The band now is touring in the south under direction of Paul Wimble.

Victor Signs 6 New Symphs

New York—Victor Records announce the pacting of six as yet un-Victored symphony orks and two smaller symphonic groups. The big ones are the National Symphony of Washington, D. C. (Ham Kindler), the Indianapolis (Fabian Sevitzyky), The Cincinnati (Eugene Goossens), the San Francisco (Ernest Montoux), the Toronto (Sir Ernest MacMillan), and the smaller ones are the Graduate Orchestra of the National Orch. Assn. (Richard Korn) and the Philadelphia Chamber String Symphonietta, under Fabien Sevitzyky. Victor now has 56 different groups on its Red Seal label.

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BY GEORGE

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Dunn

tel has even Handy's "I vue" left M it carried "names" t There were and the wa Taylor (no repair busi Johnny c New York Perry Brac cordings. S phis cornet taking him with Mamie who were and Joe S years. After Johnny spli tained as J Jazz Hound son. Mamie Hawk and Wor

When D York, Lew play his B was always reputed to trumpet solo at that tim with the "B that in 19 choice of reing Charles cago he chose From the length and World until erican Hos that the se "TB," took a thousand home to see couldn't get country he Floyd Ca mer and Dunn's bro the Hot Box

The new diana (see has arrived Keith Holst Avakian a checked the personnel a & clarinet), Eddie Cond Krupa (dru chorus is de clarinet solo rus, although register, ha Cless as T sax chorus. the side. An the reverse You Cry. F it is from the issued Okeh issue.

Collector Cordesman, advertising academic les been in the Chicago sinc on clarinet, and plays p of Zutie, wh en to conco

THE HOT BOX

A COLUMN FOR RECORD COLLECTORS

BY GEORGE HOEFER, JR.
(2 East Banks, Chicago)

Johnny Dunn was mowed down by Bubber Miley in one of Harlem's most famous carving contests at the Lafayette Theater in 1926. From that point on to his death in 1937, Dunn disappeared into the obscurity of various European cabaret bands, and deprived the collectors of another horn man to dig. Dunn recorded prolifically in the early days and some of his waxings indicate he was ahead of his time.

Headwaiter's Son

Dunn was born down Memphis way, the son of Simon Dunn, one of the most popular headwaiters the Peabody Hotel has ever boasted. When W. C. Handy's "Dixie to Broadway Revue" left Memphis many years ago it carried in its entourage three "names" to hot jazz collectors. There were Johnny, Buster Bailey and the washboard wizard, Jasper Taylor (now reported in the shoe repair business in Chi.).

Johnny cut out from W. C. in New York and joined forces with Perry Bradford on gigs and recordings. Soon the dapper Memphis cornetist felt that Perry was taking him, so he left Manhattan with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds who were not to have Hawkins and Joe Smith for a couple of years. After two years Mamie and Johnny split and the latter continued as Johnny Dunn and His Jazz Hounds, featuring Edith Wilson. Mamie got another band with Hawk and Joe.

World's Highest-Paid

When Dunn returned to New York, Lew Leslie hired him to play his Blackbird shows. Johnny was always highlighted and was reputed to be the highest paid trumpet player in the music world at that time. His trip to Europe with the 'Birds fascinated him so that in 1928 when he had the choice of returning abroad or joining Charles Elgar's band in Chicago he chose the former.

From then on he gigged the length and breadth of the Old World until that day in the American Hospital in Paris (1937) that the scourge of the musician "TB," took its toll. Johnny saved a thousand dollars once to return home to see his sick mother but he couldn't get the money out of the country he was in at the time.

Floyd Campbell, Chicago drummer and band leader, who is Dunn's brother-in-law, has given the Hot Box these interesting facts.

The new Tesch discovery, *Indiana* (see Hot Box Dec. 1, '40) has arrived in the U. S. from Keith Holst of Australia. George Avakian and Rod Cless have checked the side and identify the personnel as follows: Tesch (alto & clarinet), Joe Sullivan (piano), Eddie Condon (banjo), and Gene Krupa (drums). The last clarinet chorus is definitely Tesch and the clarinet solo before the last chorus, although played in the middle register, has been identified by Cless as Tesch, as was the alto sax chorus. Columbia may issue the reverse, *I'm Sorry I Made You Cry*. Holst was mistaken as it is from the same master as the issued Okeh and the U.H.C.A. re-issue.

Collector's Catalogue: Harry Cordesman, Chapel Hill, N. C., an advertising agency art director on academic leave at U. of N. C. Has been in the collecting game around Chicago since 1930. Noodles around on clarinet, beats a little drum, and plays piano. Personal friend of Zutie, who used Harry's kitchen to concoct his famous Chicken

Gumbo for habitues of the Three Deuces. Interests are general with emphasis on Armstrong and Teagarden.

Jerry Dalton, 225 W. Main St., Wilmington, Ohio. Factory worker and ardent collector of Moten, Jelly-Roll, Oliver, Clarence Williams and miscellaneous bands of 1925 to 1931.

Calvin H. Buckalew, 1601 East 2nd St., Tulsa, Okla. Benny Goodman fan and collector. Puts out a dealer's list.

Drive off the wax: The Teagarden item mentioned in Scholl's Discog. (Beat for Jan. 15, '40) with Cloverdale Country Club or playing *Chances Are* is on Okeh 41551, master number 405143; Piron's orchestra (Box Jan. 15) recorded for Columbia as well as Victor, making *Bright Star Blues* and Sidney Bechet's *Ghost of the Blues* on Columbia 99-D, according to John Reid of Mount Healthy, Ohio. Bob Sales reports Edmonia Henderson, who recorded race records back when, is now an Evangelist preacher in a Louisville church. Sales is a one-man Jazz Gestapo; maybe he can find the missing Romeo Nelson. Frank Holland of Cleveland has a new wrinkle in listing his records for trade and sale, he sends out blueprints of his list.

Solo for a short month: George Mitchell on Jelly Roll Morton's *Doctor Jazz*, Vic 20415—Yes, Punch Miller and the Box erred.

Collaborators



Chicago—Figuring that they might as well hop on the composing wagon, since everybody else in the profession (and out) is doing it, actress Mitzi Green and maestro Griff Williams get their heads together to bat one out. Mitzi's a lyricist and Griff, whose band has two weeks to go at the Stevens Hotel, writes the tunes.

Disc Sales at All-Time Peak

New York—Production of phonograph records has reached an all-time high, even exceeding that of the early 1920's, according to Victor-Bluebird, Decca and Okeh-Columbia waxworks execs. Night and day shifts at pressing plants are common and Decca's New York office, so swamped with orders for waxings, has temporarily stopped servicing writers of record reviews in the daily papers.

General consensus is that the year 1941 will see more records sold—both pops and classical—than in any other year in the phonograph's history. Popularity of the coin-operated phonograph is said to be largely responsible, along with the increased interest in bands on the part of the disc-buying public.

4 Jazz Sides by Woody Herman for The Coin Machines

New York—Making a strong attempt to "corner" the coin-operated phonograph market, Woody Herman, his 7-man Woodchoppers group and his 4-man Chips unit last week recorded four "specials" for Decca, soon to be released.

Most Popular Records in the Coin Machines

SONG	FIRST CHOICE	SECOND CHOICE
1— <i>I Hear a Rhapsody</i>	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca.....	Benny Goodman, Columbia
2— <i>The Last Time I Saw Paris</i>	Dick Jurgens, Okeh.....	Tony Martin, Decca
3— <i>It All Comes Back to Me Now</i>	Hal Kemp, Victor.....	Eddy Duchin, Columbia
4— <i>High on a Windy Hill</i>	Gene Krupa, Okeh.....	Jimmy Dorsey, Decca
5— <i>Frenesi</i>	Artie Shaw, Victor.....	Woody Herman, Decca
6— <i>It Makes No Difference Now</i>	Bing Crosby, Decca.....	Glenn Miller, BBird
7— <i>A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square</i>	Will Bradley, Columbia.....	Kenny Baker, Victor
8— <i>There I Go</i>	Glenn Miller, BBird.....	Dick Jurgens, Okeh
9— <i>Along the Santa Fe Trail</i>	Tommy Dorsey, Victor.....	—
10— <i>You Might Have Belonged to Another</i>	Art Kassell, Victor.....	—
11— <i>Alexander the Swoose</i>	—	—

Compilations are obtained from *Down Beat's* reporters in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, who each week check the major distributors of discs for the coin-operated phonograph trade, and for correspondents in six smaller cities selected at random.

EVERGREENS

Records in this classification are year in and year out nickel nabbers, always consistent, always good earners. Three to five of these should be in every machine.

RAY NOBLE: *Blue Danube*, Victor. Noble is always good, and this combination of Strauss and Noble is better.

HENRY BUSSE: *Hot Lips*, Decca. It's about six years old now, but they still eat up Busse's rootie-tootie muted trumpet theme.

ARTIE SHAW: *Begin the Beguine*, tune which "made" Artie is still socko in most machines and a good 'un to have around. Bluebird.

TOMMY DORSEY: *Marie*, which T. D. made a national hit in '37, looms strong even today. Victor.

WILL GLAHE: *Beer Barrel Polka* still stands as the most potent of all bar-room discs. Victor.

"SLEEPERS"

Records in this classification include unusual tunes, or unusual versions, which are proving surprises or "sleepers" in many locations. Any one of these may overnight break into the "favorites" class above. Operators and musicians are urged to hear them because of their "different" ideas and performances.

JIMMY DORSEY: What may be the biggest seller this band has ever had is a Toots Camarata version of the Latin song *Amapola*, on Decca, which rounds out as a definitely strong, commercial phonograph pace-setter. Strength of the record is in the vocal. Bob Eberly starts the side in a slow vein. Suddenly the band picks up, the rhythm changes, Dorsey's alto cuts through, and Helen O'Connell enters to give a second version of how the lyrics should be handled, at faster, more rhythmic tempo. Idea of two contrasting vocals is unique, the melody is pretty and easily remembered, and the band's backgrounds superb—not too heavy to distract from the lyrics. Ops can't miss on this one although it hasn't had time yet to show up, only having been released a few days.

DICK JURGENS: *The Last Time I Saw Paris* gets sympathetic treatment from this Chicago band. Buddy Moreno's vocal could be better but the beauty of the arrangement and the tune itself—fast gaining popularity—makes this Okeh disc a good bet to garner nickels on any location.

BENNY GOODMAN: *Taking a Chance on Love* is Benny's best coin-machine attempt in months. Helen Forrest's capable job on the lyrics and a melodious, well-performed instrumental backing make this disc sure-fire. On Columbia.

The 'Choppers' made Bennie Moten's old *South and Fan It*, long while the Ellington-Tizol compo comprising the leader on clary, ten's old *South and Fan It*, long while the Ellington-Tizol compo comprising the leader on clary, a Woody Herman theater specialty, while the Ellington-Tizol compo comprising the leader on clary, the *Beguine* were cut by the Chips, drums, and Tom Linehan, piano.

HOW Buescher BROUGHT Brilliance TO JIM!

A True Experience As Told by a Buescher Representative in Contacting a Famous Saxophone Player.

*Name of Dealer and Musician on request.



(1) "I called on a name band last week," our salesman wrote. "Talked to Jim, the first Sax man. He was having trouble getting brilliance and power for regular dance work—plus tone quality for radio."

(2) "Maybe it's my mouthpiece," said Jim. "Can you tell me of one that would help me obtain a brilliant tone on my Saxophone when I need it? I blow my head off and the power just doesn't come out."

(3) "Yes, I can tell you of one that might help a little," I said. "But, I've got a better idea." "Oh, sure," he replies, "you want me to get one of your new Buescher Aristocrat Saxophones that just came out."



(4) "Tell you what I'll do," says I. "I'll send you a new Buescher. Play it. Record with it. If it doesn't give you power and brilliance—plus a swell radio tone—there's no harm done." "O.K.," he says. "That's fair enough."

(5) Two days later I got a call from Jim. "Come on out," he says. "I want you to hear our newest recording. You sure were right about that Buescher. Brilliant—plenty of kick when I need it—and what tone!"

(6) "Man," he says, "WHY didn't you tell me about this before?" "Well," I replied, happily, "it's never too late." And with that Jim stepped up to the mike to take the next chorus on his new Buescher.

(7) Why do you get more brilliance and power—on the Buescher when you need it? It's the exclusive Snap-On Pad with its large metal disc center which acts as a tone resonator. Sends tone waves along like the sounding board of a piano. Often imitated—but available only on Buescher True Tone.

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• Trombone Tips •

Doubling Sax Won't Bother Your Lip

By Murray McEachern

Of Paul Whiteman's Band

By this time, you all probably know that I have joined Paul Whiteman's new band. We've had a terrifically busy time rehearsing and getting the band set, besides all the summer clothes buying and packing for Florida. Let's hope the wrong answers to the right questions don't slip in here!

A letter from J. M. F., of San Francisco, asks if playing sax bothers my lip for trombone. A lot of musicians seem to think so. In my own experience I have never had that trouble, and consequently don't believe it's true. The main trouble is mental. When a guy switches from trombone to sax, his first thought is likely to be, "Wonder what this'll do to my lip?" That gives him the wrong start, of course, leading him into all sorts of wrong tracks.

Try Cold Cream

My advice on the subject would be, forget lip trouble—or rather, don't manufacture it. On the other hand, don't overdo it by practicing six hours a day on sax. Muscles are bound to tire, no matter what horn you play. Common sense in this case, as in everything, is the best guide.

O. N. G., of Boston, writes: "First of all, congratulations on your new column! Hope it continues a long time. And now for my problem: I have a lot of trouble with my slide being of slow action. Can you offer any suggestions or remedies?"

First of all, O. N. G., let me say thanks for your congratulations. I certainly appreciate them, and hope the same as you hope. As for slow action slide trouble—taking for granted your horn is of any good standard make and in good condition, possibly it is the lubricant you are using. Have you tried cold cream? Apply as much as the tip of a match to each slide stocking, and spread evenly. If it seems too heavy, put a little water on the slide to thin the cream slightly.

Clean It First

Most important of all, though, is for you to clean the slide thor-

oughly before you lubricate it. Hope this will solve your difficulty. Thanks, all of you, for your swell letters. Keep 'em coming. They'll all get answered eventually! If you have any special phases of playing you'd like discussed, please tell me. Suggestions always help a writer (especially a trom-



• The Band Box •

Dick Lists More Band Fan Clubs

By Dick Jacobs

And still the fan club info keeps coming in. So here are some more club prexies:

TOMMY DORSEY FAN CLUB, Miss Harriet Plimley, 93 Urban St., Buffalo, N.Y.
JACK TEAGARDEN CLUB, Mary Ann Cicala, 20 Water St. Lane, Fitchburg, Mass.
CHARLIE SPIVAK CLUB, Edith J. Brophy, 37 Water St., S. Natick, Mass.
CHUCK FOSTER CLUB, Dave Houser, 969 Helen Ave., San Leandro, Calif.
CLYDE BURKE CLUB, Margarettemary Doherty, 3931 Ridge & Allegheny aves., Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO ECHOES FAN CLUB, (includes the following) LANNY and WINSTON ROSS, ALICE FROST, ALEC TEMPLETON, JOHNNIE JOHNSTON, Marie DesChenes, 72 Dedale St., Fitchburg, Mass.

JOHN GARFIELD CLUB, Margaret Sedlar, 2316 County Rd., Calumet, Mich.
HENRY JEROME CLUB, Blanche Gross, 644 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y.

JIMMY VALENTINE CLUB, Doris E. Cestare, 314 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
GLENN MILLER CLUB, Harold Dubin, 229 East 18 St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

JIMMY VALENTINE CLUB, Margaret Blattner, 1658 Wallace Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
BUDDY CLARKE CLUB, Rita Landow, 3280 Rochambeau Ave., Bronx, N.Y. This Clarke is the orchestra leader, not the singer.

PHIL BRITO CLUB, Anna Mae Gilligan, 15 Oakland Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Show Must . . .

New York—Fred Keating, emcee at Cafe Society Uptown, thought his slight touch of flu a couple of weeks ago was pretty good gag material. So during one show he quipped, "Folks, right now I'm running a hundred and two. When I get to 110 I'm going to sell out." Whereupon he passed out cold. Customers thought it was a gag until Fred failed to rise and a couple of waiters had to carry him to a dressing room. He's all right again now.

bone-journalist!) put out a better column.

(Murray McEachern's "Trombone Tips" are a regular feature of DOWN BEAT now. So tram men, shoot your queries in to Murray, care of DOWN BEAT, 608 S. Dearborn, Chicago. If you want personal answers be sure to include a self-addressed stamped envelope. —EDS.)



George

Wettling on Drums

Slipping in a Few Latin-American Beats

By George Wettling

Florida, land of sunshine, oranges, bathing beauties, palm trees and alligators. And speaking of alligators, there are a few down here, too—Al Seidel with Bud Freeman; Tony Sbarbaro leading the Dixieland band at Singapore Sadie's; Paul Collins whippin' 'em with Jackson Tea at the Beach Theater in Miami, and we have quite a 'gator with us in the Whiteman band in the person of Willy Rodriguez, a Puerto Rican lad who comes on with some mighty fine rhumba rhythms. Willy has been kind enough to write out some of these rhythms for this column's readers, so here they are:

Fast Rhumba Rhythm

CB
HT
LT



NOTE: Cowbell must be played sharp. By any means don't let it ring. H.T.—High Pitch Timbal. L.T.—Low Pitch Timbal.

La Conga Rhythm

H.C.
L.C.



* Cym. (Chinese if possible.) Let it ring. H.C. - High tone Cowbell L.C. - Low tone Cowbell SD(m) - Snare Drum (muffled) BD - Bass Drum

Eats His Words



When Will Osborne announced last month that he was giving up the band business, Chaz Chase, vaude comedian who "eats everything," typed out a note to his friend, band leader Benny Meroff, saying that he'd eat his vowel mill if Osborne went through with it. Osborne did, so he (at right in pic) and Meroff (center) ganged up on Chase, and here they are cramming the typewriter down his throat. Dick Rogers now has the Osborne band. Meroff's stage production, "Funzafire," has been on the road for months.

Hot Men Gather At Cool Corners

Stockton, Calif.—Cool Corners here is where all the boys go to blow 'til daybreak after all the dances are over. The town's cats gather after their dates and knock themselves out. The spot is a little outside the city limits and there is no curfew on the noise.

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Sharappa at Shore

Asbury Park, N. J.—Pat Sharappa and his band are playing the Shore's Convention Hall Ballroom for the remainder of the season.

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Royal Welcome to Jimmy Dorsey at his recent opening in the Cafe Rouge of Hotel Pennsylvania was given by Woody Herman (left) and Al Donahue, who were guests. Dorsey and his band, with Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, are doing record business at the hotel. Herman is at the New Yorker and Donahue is touring. Pic by Otto Hess.

Orchestration Reviews

BY TOM HERRICK

Hathaway Puts Life into 'Oldie'

The Moon Was Yellow

Published by B.V.C., arr. by Charlie Hathaway

Here's another revival tune from a few years back. Formerly played as a tango by many of the sweet bands of the early 30's, it now emerges as a full fledged swingaroo with the beat furnished by Mr. Hathaway. His intro, excellent as usual, gives a prettily phrased progressive figure to clarinet doubled with tenor in front of brass organ. Then the brass takes the first sixteen and last eight of the first chorus with duo figures by the sax, clarinet team. The sax section gets the lion's share of the second chorus and the chorus at E is broken up between brass and saxes. Reeds, with clarinet on top, give out with some nice stuff in the last cut chorus.

High on a Windy Hill

Published by BMI, arr. by Walter Paul

Here's one of the best of the new BMI tunes, Cole Porter style. 64 bars to this baby, so there's very little else in the arrangement besides the single repeat chorus and a 16-bar cut chorus at the end. Brass alternates the lead on the first chorus with a 3-clarinet-tenor background, nicely voiced. A very tuneful melody.

What's Cookin' Cookie?

Published by Forester, arr. by Paul Weirick

A novelty tune authored by Charles Newman and Allie Wrubel. Weirick detaches his sax figures from the brass lead in the first chorus, so that the brass melody may be left out in case of a vocal. Sax and brass share the repeat and tenor takes the third chorus in front of ensemble figures. The last chorus kicks.

Moonlight and Tears

Published by Witmark, arr. by Jack Mason

Mason uses his new stock routine again with this arrangement. It consists of putting a 16-bar "special" chorus at the beginning, going into the full repeat and then directly into the last phrased chorus. This enables the band to go directly from the repeat chorus into the last without weak piano modulation in case they wish to eliminate the special or cut down on the length of the arrangement. On the second repeat chorus, which is ensemble, tenor gets a beautiful obligato which is really worthwhile if properly phrased. A smooth tune and a smooth arrangement.

The Wise Old Owl

Published by BMI, arr. by Van Alexander

Another from the repertoire of the new BMI catalog. It's a novelty song. After the repeat, which is split between brass and saxes, the

lead goes to second trumpet in the special chorus in front of rapidly moving sax figures. A 16-bar cut chorus takes it out.

Or Have I

Published by Crawford, arr. by Paul Weirick

After a legato intro and the usual repeat, Weirick gives his special to unison clarinets with brass and cup mutes filling in. The last chorus bends and swings. Not a bad tune—and a swell arrangement.

Hep-Tee-Hootie

Published by B.V.C., arr. by Toots Camarata

Jimmy Dorsey and Fud Livingston had a hand in this. The first part of the arrangement is mostly background for a vocal, but after the shenanigans, Toots reverts to the Dorsey style and throws the lead to ad lib alto with some off-beat brass figures that will prob-

duced this tune along with *My Gal, High As a Kite*, and *I'll Sing Your Praises*. Clay Boland and Bickley Reichner, who have done several of the Mask and Wig scores, also wrote this year's edition, the bi-centennial. *Not So Long Ago* is a sweet ballad, so Mason opens up his arrangement with the brass in cup mutes. After the repeat, the trombones take the lead, backed up by sax figures while the reeds get the bridge.

Route Twenty-Three

Published by Leeds, arr. by Deane Kincaide

Kincaide, former Dorsey and Crosby arranger, does a good job with this original Al Donahue score of "Red" Allen's original tune dedicated to Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, which is played by so many of the swing bands. He's an artist at creating new and unorthodox effect by breaking up sax and brass into unusual sections. For example, in the chorus at J the second alto on clarinet works with open trumpets while first alto joins the trombone on another figure. It's a "lick" tune and there's an abundance of improvised solos. Another Leeds "Original Manuscript."

Whoops!

One of the most unfeminine horns in the jazz business, Muggsy Spanier's, is being used as a motif for female dress design! The story comes from Mary Nash of San Francisco, ardent well meaning Muggsyophile and his self-appointed press agent. According to her latest press release, Muggsy's recording of *Eccentric* inspired the creation of an "unusual afternoon dress" by a coast dress designer. And Muggsy's *At Sundown* has been made into a "knockout evening gown."

"Both are moderately priced," Mary's release points out. But that ain't all. In Frisco there is a designer working on a "Muggsy Spanier Print, a solid background color with contrasting tiny trumpets and eighth notes printed on it. The design will be made up in both linen and silk materials, so that it can be worn for both formal and informal occasions."



Little Jazz' Jazzmen are shown here on the jump. It's Roy Eldridge's Chicago combo, which is luring midwest cats from miles around to the Capitol Cocktail Lounge in the loop every night after hours. "Kansas" Fields is on drums, John Simmons on bass, bespectacled Roy on the horn, and Dave Young on tenor. Pianist Rozelle Claxton didn't quite make the range of Ray Rising's pic-box.

ably throw the section the first time they play them. The last chorus is a lick affair with the brass answering the saxes. A good arrangement, if you like Jimmy Dorsey, and who doesn't?

Not So Long Ago

Published by Marks, arr. by Jack Mason

The annual Mask and Wig Show of the University of Pennsylvania



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Sax Problems

Know What You're Trying to Produce

By Norman Bates



Because I took an extended vacation, many of your letters were answered months late. Please accept my apologies. And now to begin this new series of articles:

Intelligent analysis of the physical problems involved in learning to play a saxophone is one of the most important factors leading toward good musicianship and progress. Routines practice to effect the physical circumstances necessary is another.

Two Kinds of Students

More than half the battle is having the right mental slant before you start practicing anything; know what you're trying to accomplish. In my opinion there are only two kinds of students, those who know what they're after but are unable physically to produce it, and those able to produce physically but who don't know what they're after.

I should like to point out two factors on the subject of learning how to practice: One, I cannot teach you something which you don't grasp first in your mind, and two, the surest and best way to grasp the objective is to break it down into simple easy elements. Let's do that:

AIR—Think about it: How many things it controls in your playing. What you can and must do with it before it's worth a damn as far as the horn's concerned. How does your air get its energy? Should the air be compressed or not as it hits the reed? Have you ever studied your air compression? Can you modulate the air steadily from the pit of the abdomen to the reed's edge under compression? Did you ever test your air endurance, first with compression and then without it? (You can easily answer this one by singing a long note vocally. You won't get far without a firm abdomen and compressed air.) Did it ever occur to you that the only creative energy needed for your horn is compressed air?

More 'Did You Knows'

Did you ever test your projection and placement of this compressed air at the reed's tip? Do you realize that if the air compression misses the reed's edge by one ten-thousandth of an inch it might as well miss it by 30,000

miles? Did you know that if the air compression and projection are propelling the reed at its maximum vibrations it moves between 700 and 800 times per second? What happens to the original air stream after it has been chopped to 800 spurts a second?

Did you ever think of the compressed air as having released its creative energy after it has the reed going at its maximum vibrations? Did you ever think that from here on the reed is what makes the tone? Do you know that once the air compression has the reed vibrating at its peak, no perceptible air comes out of the mouthpiece, and that once this happens it is only the reed's vibrations beating into motion the air already in the sax which makes a tone?

Think those points over so that you know what you're doing when you blow into your horn. And next month we'll take up the physics of embouchure, diction, tone, vibrato, dynamics and technique.

Hoefler—WCFL Deal

Chicago—At press time George Hoefler, Jr. was working with Bob Purcell, WCFL recorded ballroom emcee, and script writer Maurice Granger of *Movie and Radio Guide*, on a new record show script which, if it pans out, would feature *Down Beat's* "Hot Box" columnist along with Purcell in a 15-minute shot one evening each week.

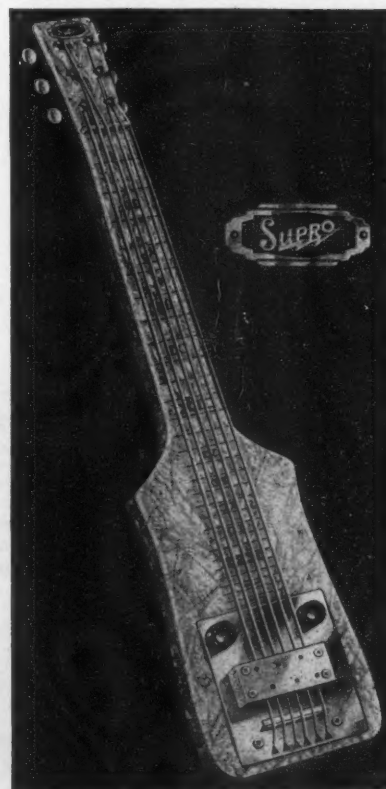
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Ben Pollack, whom George Frazier in this issue calls one of the six "geniuses" in jazz music who can produce a great band out of mediocre talent, had plenty of fine talent with him when this shot was taken at the Park Central in Atlantic City 13 years ago, the summer of 1927. You recognize Teagarden on trombone, Goodman on clarinet, McPartland (next to Tea) on trumpet; Bauduc on drums, Gil Rodin on alto and Harry Goodman on

bass. Others are Eddie Bergman and Al Beller (who just left Artie Shaw for Richard Himber) on fiddles, Bill Shumann (now solo oboe man in New York symphony work) on cello, Larry Binyon on tenor. Ruby Weinstein on trumpet, Vic Breidis on piano and Dick Morgan on guitar. All the last four except Morgan (now doing studio work in Hollywood) are doing radio staff work in New York. Down Beat pic courtesy Ben Pollack.

Ted Locke on Criticism . . .

(Jumped from Page 8)

We have already decided that the prime requisite of criticism is intellect. And what does intellect demand of the critic? Why, good taste. And what is good taste?

Philosophy gives us many definitions but they all may be summed up by saying that taste is a habit of correctly judging beauty and deformity in works of art, founded on the experience of emotions. And what an important word "correctly" is. All men have emotions. They are all stimulated by objects of beauty to form certain opinions.

But these opinions aren't always correct. Taste is a habit. The judgments that a person of taste passes upon works of art are rapid; he often forms an opinion of them instantaneously. Taste is not a distinct faculty, but a power that is acquired. An experienced accountant has only to glance at a column of figures to give the sum. A farmer has only to glance at a field to estimate the amount of fertilizer that his crop requires. It is the same in the decisions of taste. The person, who has the quality of taste, is immediately impressed with the excellencies and defects of a production of the arts at once. He takes into view the various circumstances which go to constitute its beauty or deformity with such quickness that it appears to be a single perception.

Delicacy in Taste

We may lay down two characteristics of good taste. The first is of course correctness. There are many ways of thinking. Only one is correct. Our opinions may be varied, they may be strictly personal, but they must be formulated with observances of the laws of logical thinking and in accordance with certain universal truths. In Jazz, as in other arts, there is that which is good, that which is definitely bad, and, lying in be-

tween, that which is neither. A good critic is immediately able to put a work of art into its correct classification.

The second characteristic of good taste is delicacy. A person of delicacy of taste notices those more refined beauties which are perceived only by cultivated minds. It marks the latent as well as the more obvious excellencies. It does not mistake deformity for beauty. It is able to detect a counterfeit however well executed.

How do we develop good taste? Of course as taste is a power it has to be born in us to a certain degree. To develop it is a matter of practice. It is only by listening to Jazz over a period of years, listening to the old as well as the new, keeping our minds open and in a receptive condition, that we are able to attain an excellency of judgment, and capable of forming opinions hastily and correctly. A thing of beauty should always produce the same emotion in us, regardless of the circumstances we find ourselves in at the time, and, until we are able to acquire that consistency of response, we are without taste.

Few Good Jazz Critics

A second requisite of criticism, although we may consider it under the heading of good taste, is an insight into the true spirit of an art. We are not so concerned with the vehicle as we are with the idea behind it.

Up to now Jazz has produced only a scant handful of critics worthy of even slight notice. This is an unfortunate condition as there are any number of intelligent men endeavoring to write Jazz criticism. They are quite sincere in their views and have a real love for Jazz. However, I'm afraid many of them know a little too much. They are so

steeped in other cultures they apply the standards and principals of other musics to Jazz.

Jazz, as a Fine Art, stands alone. It has its own set of rules and regulations. It owes little to other musical systems. I am inclined to discount the influence of European music upon it. William Russell says in his excellent treatise "Technical Aspects of Jazz"; "Jazz is naturally the product of a mixture of many musical influences and contains sophisticated as well as primitive folk elements." Further on in his article he points out definite European influences as regards the scalar structure of Jazz, etc.

Jazz Is Subjective

I'm afraid a novice reading Mr. Russell will misunderstand his point. Mr. Russell is a thorough and accomplished musician in theory as well as practical application. He is able to carry his analysis to an advanced point of technical study, but from his personal tastes (the primitives . . . boogie-woogie and early Armstrong) we are able to discover that Mr. Russell believes that Jazz is something apart from other musics and its evolution will lead in new directions. Admitted that there are certain European influences, remember that these are only of a physical character. In essence Jazz is thoroughly American.

Music has been called the most subjective of all the arts. Jazz may be called the most subjective of all the musics. It cannot be represented by any means of musical notation. It is utterly impossible for one performer to duplicate the musical genius of another. Jazz at its best is both simple and purely personal. It must represent and express the individual point of view of the performer. That is why the take-your-turn school of playing is the only way. Jazz arrangement suffices only to produce a setting for the soloist, and has never proved to be a medium for

Sepia Bash for Convo In Seattle a Success

BY EDDIE BEAUMONTE

Seattle—"Look at that jam all over the floor," said the janitor of the Moore theater when interviewed here last week. "Why, if my Hilda and I could jar all that we wouldn't have to can a thing for the next two summers."

He was referring to what was left after close to a thousand jam-starved townfolk had made veritable gourmands of themselves at the benefit Jam Session sponsored by Seattle's colored local 493 to raise a fund for the entertainment of the visiting delegates to the AFM convention here in June.

"Stage Like Nightingale"

Thirty-five of Seattle's sharpest black and white cats cooked up such tasty jam that a great number of patrons regretted not bringing containers to tote a little home in for the kiddies. Some were even reported to be carrying it out loose in their pockets.

The stage was set like a nightjar with the cats all sitting around at tables. The first mixed jam rocked out with Frank Bufford, Punkin Austin, Milt Greene, Creepy Sohlman, rhythm; Freddie Thompson, Herman Grimes, Bud Bovee, Kenny Cloud, brass; Aaron Davis, Dick Kraft, Larry Jerriek and William Childress, reeds; followed by a guitar jam featuring Banjorsky Adams, Al Mitchell and Milt Greene. A Royal Hawaiian jam led by Edmund Kamai gave a surprisingly good kick. Another mixed jam of Marion Fullbrighter, Arthur Bradford, Mark Pittman, rhythm; Banjorsky Adams, brass;

Glen Martin and Kenny Pinell, reeds, closed the first part.

Everybody in Finale

Smitty Smith, Junie Bradford, Tiny Martin, rhythm; Al Mitchell, Freddie Thompson, brass; and Dick Wells, reed, opened the second half ahead of a tenor jam of Larry Jerriek, William Childress, Aaron Davis, Dick Wells, Glenn Martin and Kenny Pinell. Beulah Bradford came on with a celeste solo followed by Palmer Johnson, and Eddie Zollman on twin grands. Tiny Martin, Creepy Sohlman and Mark

One Better

Philadelphia—When station KYW here hiked its power from 10,000 to 50,000 watts two weeks ago, staff musician Martin Gabowitz wrote a new theme song, calls it *50,000 on the Red* (NBC network). Not to be outdone in originality in commemorating the event, staff organist Eric Wilkinson named his newborn son Kirk Yarwood Wilkinson; initials KYW.

Pittman jammed on bass ahead of a mixed jam showing Palmer Johnson, Jack Travis, Punkin Austin, rhythm; Herman Grimes, trumpet; Larry Jerriek, tenor, and Aaron Davis, clarinet. Vocals were by Connie Stephens and Pepper Neely, who naturalized at emcee. Everybody jammed at the finale which left the place eighteen feet deep in the stuff as the mob trudged out.

Will Bradley's New Thrush



New vocalist with the Will Bradley beatmen is lovely Lynn Gardner. A brunet, Lynn came to the Bradley band when Willard Alexander of Wm. Morris "found" her and arranged an audition with Will. Last summer she sang with Charles Stearnes' Jersey band. She is known around Jersey City for her work on station WAAT there.

the creative artist, except in a few scattered cases, most notably in the instance of Duke Ellington whose arrangements reflect not the genius of one man but of many.

Personnels

Bobby Ramos

Milt Grossman, Fred Reid, Joe Glat, Lester Bouchon, saxes; Marvin Weiss, trumpet; Emil Podada, Paul Lyman, fiddles; Paul Liddell, bass; Maurice Lison, drums; Ned Farber, piano, and Ramos fronts on vocals.

Emil Coleman

Stan Worth, Dave Drubeck, Charlie Ferrari, Al Raskin, reeds; Louis Gaudin, Hy Rosenblum, trumpets; Joe Quartel, trombone; Ben Foher, Adolph Coleman, fiddles; Harry Coleman, bass; Gregory Coleman, guitar; Felix Rail, drums; Harry Smolin, piano and accordion, and Coleman fronts on piano.

Eddie Neibaur

Beany Wacup, Sammy Chumate, Bobby Smith, reeds; Frank Norton, trumpet; Eddie Krookman, accordion; Bill Fahn, bass; Al Graham, drums; Carl Haasman, piano; Vivienne Stewart, vocals and Eddie Neibaur, front.

Baron Elliott

Andy Olesak, Babe Rhodes, Lee Ritcher, reeds; Jany Garner, Leo Yacello, trumpet; Dick Mack, trombone; Bill Biskal, piano; John Bachman, drums; Michael Strange, guitar; John Redis, bass; Billy Coven, vocals and Elliott fronts on sax and vocal.

Mickey Ross

Frank Hall, Billy Owen, Art Goss, reeds; George Allison, Alex Powell, trumpets; Russell McCoullie, trombone; Harry Walton, piano; Pete Paladamo, drums; Johnny Descalzi, bass, and Ross fronts on guitar.

Toasty Paul

Harold Wieghart, piano; Bob Nuttall, sax, clarinet, fiddle; Chuck Redell, trumpet, vocals; Carl Book, guitar, vocals; Bill Apple, drums; Lou Ashbrook, bass; Toasty Paul, reeds and front.

Lou Adrian

Santy Runyon, Vic Bowen, Mike Simpson, saxes; Frank Anglund, Leo Belgel, trumpets; Richard Gehardt, trombone; Gus Wagner, drums; Rudy Wagner, piano; Ruf Farley, organ; Adrian Frelebe, Irving Kaplan, violin; Earl Gaines, bass; Lou Adrian, front.

Don Hunter

Peter Malo, tenor; Pat Carroll, trumpet; Dick Stacy, piano; "Squeak" Strenio, bass, and Hunter is on drums and stags.

Jack Tracy

Mike Redwine, Andy Barberella, Jo Harris, reeds; Johnny Coone, Milton Gosh, Slim Burns, brass; Neal Armstrong, Bo Hall, Carlyle Schnitzer, rhythm, and Tracy fronts.

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Plaster Get W Autog

BY B

Peoria, Ill.—King, who op the Edgewate tonight (Feb. a new com Armour's Lu 22nd, added a list of objec when he sign casts of two l recently.

A railroad ferred a broke who is recove back in Meth cheered cons thoughtfulness Visiting a e during an e maestro notic two men, ch while, then autograph.

Basie Cl But Can His Mon

Toronto, C on the basis ance at the shot over his than \$500. Tr ever, at the Basiettes four to cross the America with pockets. War the Count to l ada and hav ferred at a lat lost but tem The Count is South, moving territory in M opens a one-t Detroit, Marcl

El Dorad Houston

BY J

Houston — town are the morning ones colored spot. 4 a.m., and a the town's bes men are to be combination Bernard Loui man, plays al part of the Bourgeois, N mer, does a fi section. . . C Haley's one-l looks lonesom

Frisco H In Seco

BY D

San Franci Society of S year with brig bug element and the club bringing to go tion it deserv a mimeograph the club is goi to members a the Pit Club, a

20th Ce

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Plaster Casts Get Wayne King Autographs

BY BOB HANNON

Peoria, Ill.—Band leader Wayne King, who opens with his band at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago tonight (Feb. 15) and who begins a new commercial series for Armour's Luxor products on the 22nd, added to the long and varied list of objects he's autographed when he signed his name on the casts of two hospital patients here recently.

A railroad switchman who suffered a broken leg and a farmer who is recovering from a broken back in Methodist Hospital were cheered considerably by King's thoughtfulness.

Visiting a friend in the hospital during an engagement here, the maestro noticed the plight of the two men, chatted with them a while, then they asked for his autograph.

Basie Cleans Up, But Can't Take His Money Home

Toronto, Canada—Count Basie, on the basis of a jammed attendance at the Palais Royale here, shot over his guarantee by more than \$500. Trouble developed however, at the border, when the Basieites found themselves unable to cross the dividing line back to America with the shekels in their pockets. War regulations compelled the Count to leave his cash in Canada and have the money transferred at a later date. No cash was lost but tempers were strained. The Count is currently touring the South, moving into the mid-western territory in March, when the band opens a one-night engagement in Detroit, March 3rd.

El Dorado Is Houston Hot Spot

BY JACK DALY

Houston—Best jam sessions in town are the early Wednesday morning ones at the El Dorado, a colored spot. The sessions start at 4 a.m., and are attracting all of the town's best men. . . Two brass men are to be added to Bill Awalt's combination at the Reno Club. Bernard Louis, the band's tenor man, plays about the best in this part of the country. And V. J. Bourgeois, New Orleans, drummer, does a fine job in the rhythm section. . . O. B. Johnson, Arch Haley's one-man brass section, looks lonesome in the 9-piecer.

Frisco Hot Club In Second Year

BY DICK MILLS

San Francisco—The Hot Music Society of SF starts its second year with bright hopes. The jitterbug element has been eliminated and the club is really serious in bringing to good jazz the recognition it deserves out here. Besides a mimeographed rag each month, the club is going to release records to members and have sessions at the Pit Club, a musicians' hangout.



4 Years Old, the Jack Sherr band is going strong down in New Orleans at the Roosevelt Hotel, where they're set for an indefinite stay. Sherr is up front on gobstick with the squeezebox wrapped around his belly. Drummer Ray Leone and pianist Hugo D'Ipolito are visible in the shot. Fiddle-mandolin man Joe D'Andrea and saxist Dick Mullner are not.

Chick Herr Now Has Own Band

BY CHARLOT SLOTIN

Savannah, Ga.—Chick Herr, former piano man with Emerson Gill and Maurice Spitalny and who has arranged for Horace Heidt, Ted Lewis and the NBC outlet in Pittsburgh, now has his own 9-piece outfit here.

Chick's lineup includes Wilbur Mathias, Michael Struherik, Al Kucharski and Freddie Cliver, reeds; Don Wittman on trumpet; Clarence Byasse, bass; Kenny Baird, drums; Gene Hammers, piano, and Chick on piano, accordion, fiddle and arranging. Mathias has had his questionnaire for army training.

Sell Sells Self For Sixth Year

Waterloo, N. Y.—The Stan Sell band is in its sixth year at the Hotel Franklin here and it looks like they'll be on the job forever. Sell is on reeds and the rest of the combo includes Pike Burrett's bass and guitar, Paul Birch's trumpet, Harold Curry on piano and Fred Schmiel on drums.

Barron, Rohlf Bands Fold Up

Davenport, Ia.—Two of the trities' better bands folded recently when their leaders landed good non-musical day jobs. They were the bands of Orville Barron and Wayne Rohlf.

Neal Bondshu an Oakland Comer

BY DAVE HOUSER

Oakland, Calif.—Latest aspirant for the reputation of big name leader from Oakland is Neal Bondshu, who took a band into the Persian Room of the Sir Francis Drake across the bay a few weeks back, and since then has registered solidly with the Drake patronage.

Neal had the favorite campus band of the U. of Cal. about three years ago. Then he had a band at the Lake Merritt Hotel for a year and a half. Until the Drake job came up he had been with Carl Ravazza. Neal plays piano. Ex-Kay Kyser and Freddie Martin vocalist, Bill Stoker, is working with him. Stoker runs a music studio in Frisco. Vicky Lang, who is Mrs. Bondshu off the stand, chirps with the band.

'Round the Square: A number of local bands are trying to corral Jack Frediani, young tenor vocalist, who gave up singing opera some time ago to try his hand—or voice—at pop fare. Currently Jack is recovering from a throat operation. . . Best swing band in the East bay is Paul Tone's 12-piece combo. With Tone on tenor and Don Fraga playing a lot of trumpet, the band deserves better breaks than it's getting.

Loveland with WM

Seattle—Archie Loveland, who is well known around here as a band leader, has forsaken the stick for a post with the William Morris office in Los Angeles. Bob Harvey, former singer with the Loveland band, now heads an outfit at the China Pheasant.



Hot Lips Page hips Ernest (Bass) Hill, left, and guitarist Teddy Bunn on the mechanics of his mellophone. Page played the horn on his recent trio recording session for the Bluebird race label. The group waxed four of Leonard Feather's blues tunes.

Carl Horvath Deserts 88 For MCA Post

BY JOHN GLADE

South Bend, Ind.—Carl Horvath, piano-organist at the Hoffman Hotel here for the past four years, threw in the sponge and joined up with MCA, leaving the band in the hands of bassist Paul Powell. Replacing Carl will be Violet Joy on the night shift and Lou Pike on the dinners. Cec Reeder and Jack Landick on reeds complete the combo.

Largay Cracks Up

Milwaukee—Lil Largay, staff pianist on station WTMJ here, smashed up her new car the third time she had it out of the garage. It was on a recent trip down to Chicago; she crashed it into the only telephone pole in sight.

Buddy Meuse Combo with Duca Comes on

BY BILL INGALLS

Boston—Buddy Meuse's 6-piece jam band with Mayo Duca on horn, has left the Miami Grove for Morey Pearl's 3 A Manor. This group is one of the most improved in town, with the leader's tenor showing signs of becoming one of the best in town. Of course Mayo's reputation is well known. It's really worth a trip to Weymouth. Louis Columbo and Norm O'Reilly on clarinet and alto, Ralph Ford on piano, and Georgie Travers on the traps fill out the personnel. All the arrangements are by Lucius Taylor, well known colored alto man.

Tripp with Manzone

Auburn, N. Y.—Tony (Coonie) Tripp is the new trumpet man with Joe Manzone, teaming up with Mike Cervo.

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Cootch dancer "Hazel" is one of a bevy of gargantuan dolls who comprise the two-ton chorus at the Reno Club down in Houston, Texas. Hazel, who tips the beam at 340 lbs., is shown here in her bubble dance routine. Dwarfed beside her at left is pianist maestro Bill Awalt, who heads the 8-piece band at the spot. It's a Jack Daly pic.

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Changes Are Rife in the Motor City

BY LOU SCHURRER

Detroit—This has been a month for new bands and replacements, strictly. Probably the influence of the new year. In spite of the "millions for defense" being spent up here, the spots around town seem to be in the doldrums. The only reason we can figure out for the lack of business is the general feeling of indecision in the air.

Banquet at Wood's Inn

Jimmy Clark, former pianist for brother Lowry, is currently at the midtown on Novachord, with Jackie Fisher's vocals. Fisher leaves soon for a N. Y. show. . . Bob Winger replaced Charlie Blad in Phil Olsen's crew and Hugh Watson took Joe Banket's trumpet spot. Banket now has a band at Wood's Inn. . . Frankie Obilnicki went with the Army. . . Phil Olsen is the guy doing the terrific job on band stand design in the new joints. He did the Deerhunt, Alicia, Steve-dora and recently the piano at Momo's in the Art Center. . . Van Keith and his band are in their 17th month at Shumway's Marine Room. In the band are Dick Capolis, drums; Pete Radaweic, Don Ullrich and Stan Wesson, reeds; Louie LaRose, trumpets, and Keith on piano.

Ross Fronts Smith Ork

Lowry Clark has left the Terrace and with the addition of Herb Freeman and Russ Widmer on fiddles, will go to Miami's private Bath Club indefinitely. . . Ex-Tommy Marvinite Milton Ross is fronting the newly organized Le-Roy Smith band. Smith plays trombone. . . Draftee Jerry King of the Bill Munday band leaves a 2nd trombone chair to Otis Auburn. . . Bob Smith, tenor, replaced Fork Keeler; Fred Rogers, 3rd alto, replaced Louis De Weese, who is now with Ellis, and Jack Meides has Tommy Allison's 2nd trumpet spot. . . Biggest colored news here is that A. Sneed's ballroom is scheduled to open soon with John Kirby and Maxine Sullivan.

Johnny Lehr in Weapon Switch

South Bend, Ind.—Johnny Lehr, drummer with Al Ricci, gave up the ghost and enlisted to play hot riffs on a machine gun. And Carl Miller, ace saxist with Marty Ross' band at Avalon in Niles, Mich., expects to pack away his reeds about March 1.

Wendell Lundholm Being Overlooked

Duluth, Minn.—Among fine men being overlooked and playing for peanuts is Wendell Lundholm, one of the best piano men around here. Lundholm has a 4-piecer working at the Hotel Lenox Casino here. Claude Knott is on trumpet and really plays good. Don Carlson is the reed man and sings. Bert Hanssen is on drums.

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100 Years Ago a Belgian named Adolphe Sax stuck a clarinet mouthpiece on a now-obsolete instrument called an ophecleide, and the first saxophone came into existence. In tribute to Sax's century old discovery, the pastry chef (right above) of Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel baked this "saxo-cake." Band leader Richard Himber (who plays fiddle, not sax) looks on in admiration. His band is now at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco.

Seattle Local's Benefit Dance Idea Flops

BY GENE RICKEY

Seattle—It sounded like a good idea. But the first of Local 76's proposed series of benefit dances, to raise dough for the AFM convention this summer, flopped . . . 19 bucks' worth. Different bands were to have contributed their services every Monday night at the Trianon ballroom. Gay Jones played the first one, and about 62 people showed up. The idea was abandoned.

Entertainment plans for the 700 odd delegates expected June 9-13 are not going particularly hot at this point, but of course it's still early. The Local, according to Carbone Weber, tried to charter the streamlined ferry Kalakala for a trip to Tacoma and a big salmon bake on the beach. But the ferry serves the Bremerton Navy Yard and defense plans won't allow use of the boat. The proposed trip to Mount Rainier (14,408 feet up) is also out, because there's not room enough to park the busses on account of too much snow at the lodge at that time.

Buddy Clarke Polo Team Challenges All

New York—They may have a devil of a time finding any opposition, but nevertheless the Buddy Clarke band's polo team hereby issues a challenge to any other band. The Clarke team consists of Ernie Ardi, guitar; Irwin Berkin and Hal Graham, trumpets, and Clarke himself. Before coming to the Park Central Hotel, where they have just completed a full year's engagement, Clarke and the boys played at "a swank polo club and gained an interest in the game while practicing with horses and mallets."

Stan Stanford Stand Is Set

Hancock, Mich.—Up here where the winters are long and the hair longer, the four piece Stan Stanford band has just signed a three months' contract to play Gino's Restaurant. Stan is on reeds, Harry Spangenberg on piano, Bob Metcher on drums and Ardell Pierce does vocals.

Duke Wilson's 2nd Year at Tucson Spot

BY MARIE DE FLOREA

Tucson, Ariz.—In its 15th month at the Lodge Club here is Duke Wilson's small but powerful 4-piecer. The band's strong point is Tommy Conde's fine cornet. The Lodge, which boasts the biggest bar in the State, is one of Tucson's favorite night spots. Wilson, 23 years a member of Los Angeles Local 47, heads the bunch from the piano bench. Also in the combo are Doc Watson on reeds, Jimmy Hamilton on drums.

Confidential: Jimmy Witfield, formerly drummer with Doc Garrison in Phoenix, more recently of the Blue Moon Ballroom here, had the end of his nose bitten practically off in a barroom brawl.

Snooped: The outfit at La Jolla which prefers "not to be written up by the trade papers." Could it be the Hammond?

Dug: The refreshing offering of the string trio at The Ozarks, Harry Woods'. They ask customers to help themselves to the instruments or the mike if they have anything to contribute. Mrs. Woods and Rex Thompson complete the trio.

Local 20 Bash Is A J-Bugs' Jamboree

BY EDDIE GUY

Scranton—A jitterbug's holiday was provided when all the musicians from Local 20, gates and longhair alike, assembled for the annual benefit jamboree for the Local. Eleven bands took the stand for a half hour apiece and all gave their all. The newly formed band of Carl Passe put on a good show as did Henry Bell's WARM outfit. . . The Comerford theaters have once again started featuring name bands. . . Mrs. O'Hearn's spot really comes on more than ever. After any date a band plays in town, all the musicians gather at her place; and such sessions you've never dreamed of!



Relaxin' on their current road tour, Dick Allen, one of the busiest ork leaders in New Jersey, and his thrush, Edith Bedell, stretch out to enjoy a little southern sunshine. The Allen gang is one of the most popular along the eastern seaboard.

Sam Points Finger At 'Chance' Cromwell

Savannah, Ga.—Trumpeter Jimmy Farmer with the Chauncey Cromwell band here has had Uncle Sam's finger pointed at him. Rest of the band, crossing their fingers, include Tommy Purcell on piano, Sidney Powell on bass, E. (for Erwin) Cooper on drums, Cromwell on guitar, and Glory Davis, who studied music with Paul Whiteman's father on vocals.

Chicago, Fe



Chicago—Joe Lazarski's band here are carrying the orks over for RCA-Victor weeks ago for Dick Todd, right to the wheels to

Kicked Goes O

Springfield, Joe Lazarski's band here are feeling the orks. Joe went right self a new band and work build something polka jive. A cut a few sides went over, and more. They have now and more

Sick B Bring S Tough

BY F

Syracuse, N. Theater has bands, but have with the book McCoy and their date been swooped down they brought didn't do too circumstances. A had to sub for cently when f couldn't make Rima's band did Larry Cl in for three c is back from the Ann DuP Potter has jo in Florida. . George Hamm are getting th . . . The "S placed for two Guys" who v six weeks.

Ex-NBC Boy' wi

Beverly Hi (Fordy) Kend of the Chicag years ago, has sales manager of Rico Produ of the most v work, having ing able to si any instrument

RICKER PUT P

ELECT 6071 S. WEST

Screwballs on Wheels



Chicago—Eddie Chase, whose recorded band programs over WGN here are carrying on despite the music war, threw a ball-bearing bash for the orks of Dick Jurgens and Gray Gordon and the Chi sales staff for RCA-Victor. The whole bunch took over the Arcadia roller rink two weeks ago for the evening. In this shot, Jurgens, left, and baritone Dick Todd, right, lend their shoulders to Chase and Gordon, who took to the wheels too enthusiastically.

Kicked Out of Own Band, Joe Goes On to Real Success

BY DOUG MILLS

Springfield, Mass.—It was just about a year ago that the boys in Joe Lazarz' band ganged up and slipped him the Quisling treatment, brushed him right out of the band. But I wonder how those same boys are feeling these days.

Joe went right out and got himself a new band. They rehearsed hard and worked like the devil to build something good in the line of polka jive. A few months ago they cut a few sides for Victor. They went over, and the boys cut a few more. They have eight sides out now and more to come. And all of

the tunes are originals by Joe and a couple of his band boys, Joie Scott and Stan Kusiak. Joie plays accordion, Stan the trumpet. Rest of the lineup includes Ted Lazcek, Ray Smith, Joe Urban, Aldone Graveline, Wes Russell, Jimmy Wilson and Joe Waugick. They rarely have any off time. Right now they're working leading ballrooms throughout New England, and it looks like the guys who kicked Joe out of his own band a year ago did him the favor.

Sick Bands Bring Strand Tough Breaks

BY RAY TREAT

Syracuse, N. Y.—The Strand Theater has been featuring big bands, but having some tough luck with the bookings. When Clyde McCoy and the band couldn't make their date because of the flu which swooped down on the whole band, they brought Art Jarrett in, who didn't do too well under the circumstances. And Johnny McGee had to sub for Fats Waller recently when for some reason Fats couldn't make the date. Ciro Rimac's band did very well and so did Larry Clinton, when he came in for three days. . . Bill Bashta is back from his few weeks with the Ann DuPont band. . . Louise Potter has joined the Laxtonettes in Florida. . . Eddie Williamson, George Hammond and Don Davison are getting their share of the work. . . The "Swing Triangle" replaced for two weeks "Those Three Guys" who went to Florida for six weeks.

Ex-NBC 'Wonder Boy' with Rico

Beverly Hills, Calif.—F. J. (Fordy) Kendle, the "wonder boy" of the Chicago NBC staff a few years ago, has just been appointed sales manager and vice president of Rico Products here. He was one of the most versatile men in staff work, having the reputation of being able to sit in for anybody on any instrument any time.

Joe Snowden Trio in D. C. Spot Raided

BY WHITEY BAKER

Washington, D. C.—Harry's Bluebird, notorious night spot here, was raided by the Arlington County Police a few weeks ago. Joe Snowden's fine colored trio and everybody else working in the spot at the time, including nine panderers and 23 "ladies of the evening," spent a few days as guests of the police department.

The club is located next to the D. C. airport on land that was reclaimed from the Potomac River. Arlington County, Va., the District of Columbia and the State of Virginia have refused to accept this strip of land in their jurisdiction and for many years have been passing the buck to each other on the responsibility for policing it. So heretofore the Bluebird has simply run wide open, advertising that beer and wine were on sale 24 hours a day. The place has been a great after hour jam spot, and it was lucky that no musicians were sitting in at the time, although several were there and just about ready to open their cases. All of the 100-odd customers in the place at the time were shooed home.

Give This Fellow a Break



At the risk of giving the impression that it is going out of its way to boost convicts, *Down Beat* urges the profession to give this fellow, Gilbert Murray, a break. He is a musician and composer who will be unconditionally released from Michigan State Prison next month after several years' incarceration.

Don't forget that the penal system in this country is based upon constructive, corrective theories, and that the purpose of prison is the rehabilitation of a man. Despite sensational and misleading newspaper parole stories, the vast majority of released and paroled convicts live the rest of their lives as peaceful law-abiding citizens. The worst part of the penal sys-

tem is that it attaches a stigma to a man after he has been released. Gilbert Murray will, unfortunately, have this stigma attached to him, unless the profession, the band leaders, booking agents, publishers and his fellow musicians are sensible, give him an even break and let him prove himself.

Burton Morse Band Enlarged

BY MARIE DE FLOREA

Phoenix, Ariz.—Burton Morse has made some changes and enlarged his combo to 11 men. Among the new additions are Frank Pratt, trumpet, and Russ Clark, bass. The band's at Riverside. . . Ray Gibson is playing bass on a feed-the-kitty job at Lee Comers'. There just aint no justice when a doghouse man of Gibson's caliber gets buried in a joint like that.

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Miami in Sad Shape Musically

(Jumped from Page 2)

boda closed at the Latin Quarter. Jean Wald closed at the Floridian Hotel. Jack Eby barely got a nose in at Lost Lake Casino. Take my word for it that Bob Friedkin's band is not 100 per cent happy at the Wits End Club.

The hotel situation is foul. Too many of them mushroomed up last year. Managements cutting down. And what do they cut down on first? I'll give you one guess.

Pete Whitehead's unit at the Terrace is suffering a touch of unhappiness. Slight paring on the part of the employer involved.

The Beach Theater cut out the name bands after Clyde McCoy's date.

If business continues as lousy as it has been, the Local union will be swamped with claims, as will the National, if more traveling units are stranded. On top of it all the Local right now has a greater membership than ever before in its history.

Inspectors Loot Cooler

Oh sure, the Colonial Club has been making out all right. Why wouldn't it, with Paul Whiteman, Harry Richman, Sophie Tucker and Joe Lewis? They turned away about five thousand people opening night. But that's just one good reason why the rest of the bistros are gasping for succor.

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Iron Men from Iron Mountain



Iron Mountain, Mich.—Finishing up a full year at Cavi's Crystal Bar here, the Fritz Spera combination provides this section of Michigan with some of the toughest Dixieland in the north country. Roy Johnson on bass, arranges and sings. Ewald Johnson is on tenor. Spera, center, is on first trumpet, and Cav Cavi on second doubling hot fiddle. Willie Watt is on piano, really goes on boogie, and Joe Pep is the drummer. Pic courtesy Gordon Sullivan.

To top off the whole sad season, the Local's clubroom was invaded by the State license inspectors last month. They confiscated a case of beer from our cooler, and promptly held that we were selling the stuff without a license. Actually the lager was merely being kept cool for one of the boys who was taking it home later. But when our officials went to the County Courthouse to adjust the matter, there was the evidence—part of it. Several bottles were missing. I happened to notice one of the inspectors belch.

Oh well. The Local bought a license, so now we can keep the stuff in the cooler for the boys. And—I don't mean to repeat myself, but—if things keep up like they have been, we might have to get hold of something a little tougher than Schlitz.

Sam Takes Quinn

Waterbury, Conn.—Bob Quinn, second trumpet and chief arranger for Cliff Slaton's band here, has answered the call of Uncle Sam.

Says Peddling Tunes to BMI Is Tough Job

BY ROSS CHRISTENA

Indianapolis—Our symphony orchestra, under Fabien Sevitzky, recorded 13 discs for Victor two weeks ago, and it looks as if the excitement never will die down. . . . Until recently the Sapphire Room of the Hotel Washington has used out of town small combos almost exclusively. The union ruled, however, that the spot must use a house band of local men at least eight weeks out of the year. . . . Clint Brown, trumpet man with Irv Given's Purdue U. band, has penned several fine tunes which he has tried to peddle to BMI, but all in vain. Seems a shame, as hard up as BMI seems for decent tunes. . . . Lloyd Martin, now in Benny Goodman's sax section, has sold a dozen arrangements he made when he played here in Amos Otstot's band, to Chuck Smith's up and coming Indianapolis crew.

Tiny Martin Has New Seattle Ork

BY GENE RICKEY

Seattle—Tiny Martin, 350-lb. bassist, has lined up some fast men and will take up the baton shortly. . . . Arden Stevens shows better every time out at the Senator, with Dick Giger grabbing tenor take-off honors in a Joe Thomas vein. . . . The Reservoir draws a good swing clientele with a terrific three-piece combo. Cliff Whitcomb handles the keyboard, with Tebby Tebelman on tenor, and Gordy Chalstedt on skins. . . . Palmer Johnson's trio still gives the jit-bugs a few kicks, with Herman Grimes blasting the iron-horn and Punkin Austin playing paradiddles. . . . Bill Roberts will move into the Olympic Bowl soon to replace Jackie Souders.

Mollie Klaff Joins Louis Prima Band

Norwalk, Conn.—Mollie Klaff, pianist-singer of this city, joined the Louis Prima combo last month. Mollie, whose name may be changed for commercial euphony, will be featured on both piano and vocals.

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Weems Finds Indifference To ASCAP Ban

BY SIG HELLER

When Ted Weems was in town recently, he was interested in finding out the public reaction to the ASCAP-BMI imbroglio. He spent an hour on the main drag, during which time he spoke to some 35 people, none of whom knew who Ted was until after the conversation was over. In every case except one, the people knew nothing about the fight, none seemed to care, and only two thought that there was any different music on the air now than before.

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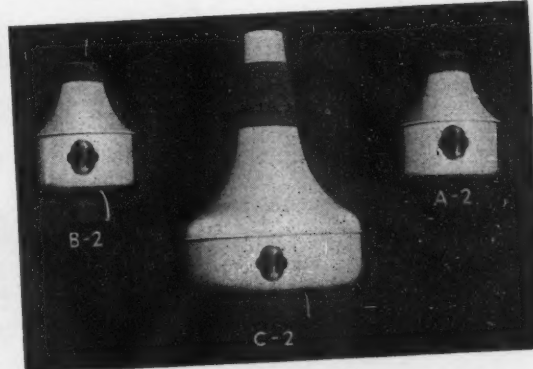
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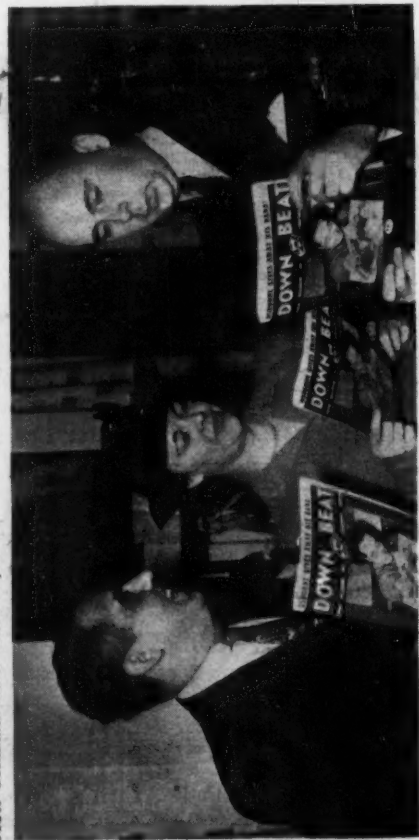
Hootchie Cootchie jive is rampant in South Bend. These boys, giving it the wiggle along with Karol Kaye, are Barney O'Reilly, Carl Gilco, Marty Ross and Carl Miller. It's Ross' band, one of the faves in the Notre Dame city. Nelson Good took the shot for the *Beat*.

Diggin' a fast rehearsal of the Tony Pastor band in New York recently were guitarist Al Avola, trumpeter Irving Goodman, tenor pianist Bob Kiteles, left to right. The Pastor band is creating plenty of favorable talk. Al Spiedock caught this pic.

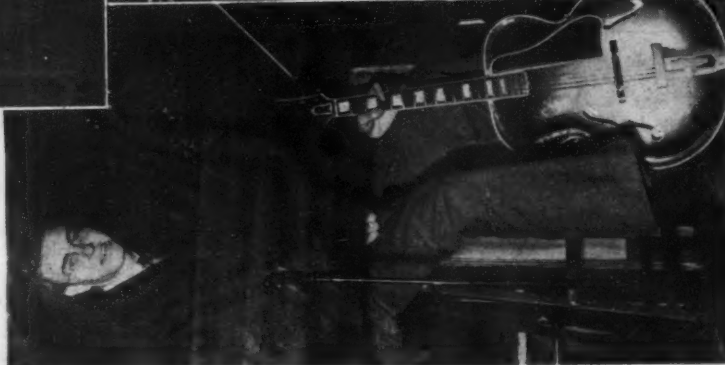


Two Pair of voices from two popular families blend into a ditty on a recent theater tour. It's Ozzie and Harriet Hilliard Nelson (left) and Humphrey and Mayo Methot Bogart, gathering their vocal chords for the entertainment of the box office gentry. The recent tour of the foursome and Ozzie's band proved a natural everywhere it played. Ozzie's Bluebird records are good sellers right now.

Improving their minds, these three well known individuals were caught by a lens-sleuth who happened to be on hand at the coin machine convention in Chicago last month. At left is Jack Williams, who manages record advertising and sales promotion for RCA-Victor. Center is Gwen Desplenter of the Mills Novelty company, and the dour gent at right is the Tommy Dorsey press agent, and occasional *Down Beat* columnist, Jack Egan. The mixed expressions on the faces of the three are unexplainable. As is the point of the picture, except that they read *Down Beat*.



Lanky Artie Byerson was snapped between masters on a Raymond Scott recording date a couple of weeks ago. Considered some of the best in the game, Artie's githbox sparks all the fine Scott Columbia discs these days.



Miami Kick Orks

BY R
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Jerry H Herman

New York first chair tr Dorsey, has the Woody E lovaky, who month, was plans after in order to studios here. include Rosa and Neal Rei